LONDON PRIDE AND LONDON SHAME

L. COPE CORNFORD

H6086

LONDON PRIDE
AND
LONDON SHAME

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

"THE CANKER AT THE HEART."

"THE DEFENCELESS ISLANDS."

LONDON PRIDE

AND

LONDON SHAME

BY

L. COPE CORNFORD

LONDON
P. S. KING & SON
ORCHARD HOUSE
WESTMINSTER
1910

BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO., LTD., PRINTERS,
LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

TO

CHRISTABEL CORNFORD

WHO SENT ME TO GATHER LONDON PRIDE (WHICH THE COUNTRY FOLK CALL "NONE-SO-PRETTY") WHERE IT GROWS INTERTWINED WITH LONDON SHAME.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/londonpridelondo00corn

PREFACE

"Why are these things so?
What ought to be done?"

In attempting to delineate certain aspects of the life of London, and phases connected with that life, I have dealt directly with several peculiarly distressing subjects. Upon these I should prefer to refrain from moralising. It is not my business to moralise. But, if I may judge by previous experience, it is sometimes expected of him who diagnoses the disease that he should prescribe the remedy. Some years ago, I wrote a series of articles treating of the condition of the poor in this country. They were first published in *The Standard*, and afterwards collected in a book, under the title of "The Canker at the Heart." Their immediate result—so far as the author was concerned—was that I received many letters from excellent persons asking me what "ought to be done;" and very often these good people sent me various sums of money to spend as I thought fit upon the relief of distress. Some were kind enough to call upon me. I fear that they went away disappointed, for I had no saving universal panacea to give them. Is it therefore my fault that nothing has been done?

A year or so afterwards, I wrote another series of articles, which dealt with the state of this country with regard to preparation for war and the effects of war upon all classes of society. These also were first published in *The Standard*, and afterwards collected in a book; and the title was "The Defenceless Islands." Their immediate result was—nothing. My publisher sadly informs me from time to time that no one will buy the book. Sensitive as English people are to the pathetic, they were (and are) wholly insensitive to an array of facts which really represent one of the most dangerous consequences of that state of things which (to be honest, the title was presented to me by a friend) I have called "The Canker at the Heart." People do not believe that these islands are in any degree defenceless, and therefore the effects upon the population of a hypothetical war do not interest them. Therefore they did not ask me what, in my view, "ought to be done." I was inclined to regret this circumstance, because in the case of the Defenceless Islands, I could have told them. However, they did not want to know; and, as in the other case, nothing has been done — less than nothing, in fact.

What will happen in the case of "London Pride and London Shame?" I hope (for the sake of my publishers) that a few people, at least, will buy the book. Let me assume that they have embarked upon that speculation, and let me also venture for a moment to assume that these my readers honour

me by supposing that because I have studied from nature I am therefore competent to suggest how to set right what is obviously wrong. I admit that the supposition is natural, although the one thing does not necessarily follow from the other.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, you have a large and a varied choice before you, without having recourse to an humble writer. There is no lack, Heaven knows, of earnest persons presenting complete schemes of "social reform," each of which differs from the other. There is the politician. Social reforms are part of his stock in trade, which he is delighted to sell to the highest bidder. There is the Socialist—there are ever so many Socialists, and you can pick and choose. There is the minister of religion; nor does it matter what religion he professes, so that he does his work, and then he commands respect. There is a new kind of person called a "sociologist," whose pursuits (I own) so bewilder me that I can give no account of them. Still, there he is. There are Societies, Leagues, Associations, Councils, Committees, beyond all reckoning. Go to! Is it to be supposed for a moment, that all these varied "forms of social activity" (so runs the slang) are of no worth? Then why . . . ?

Then why is it that things are what they are? To that question we must ever return. Because these "social activities" are not new, although of late they may have become more numerous. They have been in full blast for ever so long. Read

your Dickens. Politicians will tell you of the vast social improvements achieved since Dickens wrote—they will discourse of them with an air, as though themselves had accomplished them. Very well. Now take the tram to (say) Bermondsey, or anywhere east of Aldgate Pump, and ask to see the improvements . . .

Well, but why are these things so?

Dear reader (if you have had the patience to bear with me thus far), that question haunts me quite as constantly as it troubles you. There is no answer, because there are a thousand answers. The only theory that covers all the facts is the theory of what used to be called Original Sin. Conversely, the only cure is contained in that prescription of Virtue which is the common element of all noble religions. Now it is the essence of religion that it concerns the individual. Each human being differs from the other. Upon that point we can all agree. But see what follows from that elementary truth. To begin with, it falsifies all generalisations—yes, all.

Now let us go back to our politicians, our Socialists, our ministers of religion (but here we must allow for exceptions), our sociologists, our Societies, Leagues, Associations, Councils, Committees, tea-meetings, hymns, resolutions, lectures, speeches, secretaries, reports, movements, and the whole immense and desperate apparatus devised by amiable people with the best intentions. Do they deal in generalisations, or do they not? Do they prescribe the universal panacea, or do they not? If they do, they

are useless—except incidentally and by accident. If they do not—but where will you find those who do not?

Take a square mile of Black London, and ask how it is to be civilised; how it is to be peopled with healthy, industrious and contented families, how it is to be made clean and fair? Instantly arises a chorus of answers: Pull down, rebuild, drain, educate, clothe, emigrate, convert, give Free Trade, give Tariff Reform. . . . Yes, quite so. But you are dealing with people, not with lay figures. A district, like a State, is made up of individuals. Each of those individuals has a character. Can you alter that character? Well, try—try for a year. There are things which, as the Psalmist says, must be let alone for ever. In that simple fact you will find a part of the answer to the eternal question, Why are these things so? Ignore the individual, merge him in the mass, and you may do what you will to that cancerous mile of Black London, and you will find another growing alongside it, as bad as the first.

Now (for the sake of argument) select one individual in that area, and find out how he (or she) came to be what he (or she) is. Do not take anyone else's evidence. Find out for yourself. Eliminate, in so far as it is possible, the personal qualities of character which have clearly resulted in such and such conditions and consequences, What remains? Much wrong, perhaps, inflicted by others. Wrong inflicted by employers, by speculative builders, by landlords, by the incidence of laws made by professional politicians,

by the dispensers of charity, by the neighbours. Conversely, perhaps, many benefits received. But in Black London, the wrong preponderates.

Contemplate the complexity of that problem. It is woven of a hundred conflicting interests, prejudices, villanies. Its threads ramify throughout the community. Now multiply the problem by several millions, and the product will be what is called the "social problem" of to-day.

Add to it the burden of preceding generations—without going further back than the time before the (very inadequate) Factory laws were passed (in the teeth of the Liberal party), when England was stained blacker with greed and cruelty than the Congo State—and you will begin to perceive the length of the bill which destiny is presenting to-day. That bill must be paid. And it carries compound interest.

When people ask in all generosity and sincerity, "What is to be done?" they are really asking how to pay the bill—or (in the case of politicians) how to avoid paying it.

The settlement may beggar you. On that point one has no definite opinion. Other nations have been ruined by the same implacable Creditor; others, again, have found the price and gone on.

There is only one thing to be done, and its name is Duty. A dull conclusion, is it not? But consider. If each individual in each class of society had done his duty, there would be no "social problem" to-day. Duty cannot be done in battalions. It must be done

by the one. Therefore (it seems) the less shouting there is, the better; the fewer societies there are, the better; the less theory-making there is, the better.

It would be hard to discover a better definition of duty than the marching orders contained in the Church Catechism. And when we come to this point, the reason why the writer has hitherto refrained from suggesting "what ought to be done," is surely apparent.

L. C. C.

Red Hill,
January, 1910.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I.—The Abbey	1
II.—Paul's	7
III.—The Royal Hospital at Greenwich	14
IV.—Port of London	24
V.—Waste	34
VI.—The Commons	38
VII.—"The Park"	44
VIII.—Bank Holiday	48
IX.—Fleet Street	53
X.—Free Speech	58
XI.—Woman's Suffrage	64
XII.—Orators	72
XIII.—The Crèche	78
XIV.—Famine	84
XV.—The Heart of Spring	88
XVI.—Playmates	92
XVII.—T. S. "Mercury"	96
XVIII.—Medical	102
XIX.—Surgical	108
XX.—Culture	113
XXI.—Sport	118
XXII.—The Yacht Race	122
XXIII.—Margate	128
XXIV.—The General	135
XXV.—Imperialism	139
XXVI.—Mr. Betterman	143
XXVII.—The Wreckers	150
XXVIII.—Pictures	155
XXIX.—The Pageant	160
XXX.—These Signs	169

LONDON PRIDE
AND
LONDON SHAME

I.—THE ABBEY.

"'Death in the right cause, Death in the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat';
Yes; but it's better to go for the Abbey than chuck your old bones out in the street."

THE grey cliff of carven stone, rising in the very heart of the Imperial City, looks austerely down upon the converging, sunlit roads and the motley rush of traffic, the little people coming and going, and the tired men asleep on the benches among the sooty statues. Upon this blue Sunday morning, the Corps of Commissionaires is dispersing through Westminster Palace Yard, after having been inspected in Westminster Hall. Fine, bronzed, soldierly men are these, the medals shining upon their dark uniforms, from the stout old warriors with the shrewd eye and that imperturbable, humorous expression of the veteran, to the lean hard fellows of forty or so, who are fit for anything, anywhere. Why these men are denied the Army, when its ranks are being filled with weedy boys, collected, not without persuasion, from the highways and hedges, is one of the mysteries of the British Constitution.

High overhead, half shrouded in shadow, half lapped in sunlight, towers the Abbey, and the bells of little

St. Margaret's are chiming for service, and the quality are stepping daintily across the watered road, while the Commissionaires break off in twos and threes, and go their way, shoulder to shoulder, marching in time. The Abbey service has already begun, and the people are still pressing through the doors in the north transept.

Within, crowded in the brown gloom, sombrely carpeting this vast ribbed shell of the ages' handiwork, is such a congregation as you will find nowhere else in the wide world. "And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God." So said the dwellers in the Holy City, what time the Christian hegemony was founded. And so, with a change in that sounding roll of place-names, may we say, too. "And they were all amazed," the chronicle adds. We are not amazed. We take it as a matter of course, that in the heart's core the Empire should be gathered together, English and Canadian and Australian, Indian from East and West, African and Newfoundlander, dwellers in Asia and Egypt, and Cathay, and the isles of the Pacific, strangers from America, and near every nation in Europe.

Yet here they are, upon any Sunday you like to choose, filling the benches in transepts and choir and beneath the high-piled, dusky lantern, standing crowded along wall and sculptured monument, a mosaic of humanity. Scan the faces, and you shall presently perceive that they make a pattern, each presenting an aspect or a corner of character and race, just as the great rose window gleaming above him in the shadow, is set with broken, jewelled pieces, and yet makes a complete whole of a seizing and beautiful significance. . . . Here are British youth, high-collared and trim, and English ladies, fresh and cool in summer

white, and dim old grey-beards, and burly, keen-eyed men from England overseas, and veiled Indian ladies, and narrow-shouldered, vacuous clerks, school teachers with that look of quiet adequacy which distinguishes them, demure girls with their hair in a ribbon, dear old ladies in black with silver spectacles, uniformed nurses from the hospital over the way, a ruddy country parson and his wife, sleek-haired schoolboys, a pair of dark-skinned brothers in shiny black attire, a Frenchman with his hair like a brush, and an American youth in very loose garments and carrying a camera instead of a prayer-book. Above them, set high and white against the tumbled background of column and arch and foliated panel and confused sculpture, stand the stone figures of statesmen and sailors and soldiers. There they stand for ever, their heads turned sideways, as though listening to the monotone of the priest in the chancel, whose voice dies away and is lost in those enormous aisles.

> " Mortality, behold and fear
> What a change of flesh is here !
> Think how many royal bones
> Sleep within these heaps of stones ;
> Here they lie, had realms and lands.
> Who now want strength to stir their hands,
> Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
> They preach, ' In greatness is no trust.' "

What Francis Beaumont wrote, needs not to be re-written. The diverse congregation drifts in and out this tremendous sepulchre like the tide, ever changing, and ever the same, and the end of the eminent is that their memorials stand there over against you, petrified and listening for ever, until. . . .

The full chant of the *Credo* fills the brown walls from side to side, now rising like a march of triumph, now falling like a dirge, and, poising on a single note, swells again into the flood of harmony. Mortality, behold and fear *not;* for, every English hand had a part in this great fabric, the symbol of that building which is not made with hands, and which shall endure, though kingdoms fall away and Empires crumble. The Abbey is the lode-stone of the race,

the central knot of the lines of all the little lives that circle about the immemorial walls, circling wider and yet wider, away beyond the far horizons, to "regions Cæsar never knew," although, very likely, they think not of it.

And when the silver-haired preacher, robed in white and glimmering scarlet, stands uplifted in the tawny twilight above the congregation, he tells them that the message of the Christian faith shines pure and apart from the strife of the schools and the hurly-burly of politics ; and reminds them of the Great Queen, the woman who reigned for sixty years over the English, and tells them bluntly that, so long as women are held unworthy of the full rights of citizenship, we remain untrue to the lesson of that majestic life. . . . To his clear tones succeeds the great voice of the solemn music, and the service is ended.

At the door stood a handsome old man in blue jersey and cork jacket, holding a gold plate of great size, into which one dropped a coin for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. To pass out into the sunlight is to step across the threshold of a thousand sleeping years into the unending trivial bustle of to-day. The whirlpool circles ever about the still centre, casting up flotsam and jetsam of humanity. But the influence of the Abbey clothes them, perhaps, with a peculiar significance. Somewhere here, if you think it worth while to let fancy stray so far, sat King Alfred's men-at-arms, drowsing in the sunshine of a Sunday. And here, upon the garden seat, rests an old soldier. His face is wan and corded ; he is dressed in rough working clothes, his jacket buttoned over a brown jersey. When he was fifteen, he began to work in Covent Garden Market, what time the policemen wore tall hats and bob-tailed coats, and London was as Dickens drew it. Then he enlisted and went to Hong-Kong in the old *Himalaya*, and to Ceylon and Singapore and the Cape. Then he came back to the market, a time-expired man, to see his old friends, and within a fortnight he was a porter again. He is a licensed porter now, and he works from three in the morning until six in the evening on market

days, and the grey hair is worn off the top of his head, making a bald patch like a tonsure, by reason of carrying fruit-boxes.

Here were a couple of bluejackets in Sunday rig, stout and leisurely ; here two men of the Irish Guards—" picked men," said my porter, his eyes following the gold buttons ; then a workman with his small daughter in a clean pinafore ; then a frock-coated gentleman with a high nose ; then a street tramp, all one dry smear from his ruined hat to his broken boots, but placid, pink-faced, and soft-fingered. Then a young man sat down on the bench opposite, and began to write on a pad. Perhaps he was writing poetry about the Abbey. . . . All bits of mosaic, like the jewelled glass in the great rose window, yonder.

The American youth with the camera, and another like unto him, sat down beside us.

" Say," said the second, " this is a large city. Seems expensive. How long does it take to get around? "

" You can get a sixpenny guide to the Abbey," said he of the camera. " And the clergy show you round for nothing. And it don't take long to skim through the British Museum——"

I went away. I went into the cloisters. There was none of the all-conquering race in the cloisters. There was only a solitary policeman, who was cogitating profoundly upon the prospect of getting a reward for stopping a runaway pair-horse van. " I made a mistake," he said. " I didn't put into my report ' at great personal risk.' The sergeant, he says, ' You've forgot it, my man.' But does he put it? Not he. He puts in, ' *not* attended by personal risk.' I don't mind. When the point comes up, I shall say, ' Gentlemen, I did not look for any private reward. I was actuated by motives of the public safety.' " He turned from the sunlit square of grass and the glittering bulk of the Abbey rising into the blue, glanced up and down the mouldering, shadowy cloisters, and added, inconsequently, " The constable on night duty here gets extra pay."

When Mr. Grewgious, visiting Cloisterham (which, as

everyone knows, is Rochester) came to the open doors of the Cathedral, " ' Dear me,' said Mr. Grewgious, peeping in, ' it's like looking down the throat of Old Time.' " When you enter the Abbey after service, and the people have departed, that is what it is like. Empty with a great and yawning emptiness, save for a black-robed verger or two, and an old almsman creeping along the wall, the Abbey, column and pier and arch, set with memorials of the dead, hung here and there with dim and tattered flags, mysterious in profound shadow or flushed, wine-hued, where the sunlight strikes in a misty beam through stained glass, is the very entrance to immortality and oblivion. The organ breaks forth, and the music rises like a sea, and rolls even to the groined roof ; and in its wordless message lies hid the meaning of a thousand years' past of the dark Fane beside the River, and (as we believe) a thousand years to come.

II.—PAUL'S.

" Here, in streaming London's central roar,
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore."

AT a quarter before six, the nave and transepts of St. Paul's Cathedral are filled with men who use the sea ; men of the Royal Navy, of the mercantile marine, and boys who are under training for England's first and last inheritance, the sea. Back, far back, into the vast shadows of that place of silence, whose gloom was but faintly starred with lamps, stretched the field of grave faces. Old men of eighty winters, hair and beard like the snow upon a root of oak, youngsters with the low forehead and sturdy jaw of the breed, grey men of middle age, trim naval officers, white-gloved, in full uniform, officers of the Naval Volunteers, with the twisted stripe on their sleeves, retired Admirals and Captains—all were massed in perfect silence, waiting for the noble service which Mother Church administers to British seamen once a year in St. Paul's. And beneath their feet Nelson, dead a hundred years and more, slept under his carven tomb, in the unfathomable silence of the crypt.

Not a sound of the unending rush of the London traffic broke the stillness. Then, high overhead, the solemn bells chimed six. Then came the blue-uniformed cadets of the *Worcester*, marching two by two, then the boys of the school of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, most notable of all sea foundations, wearing their sailor collars outside their surplices ; then the choir. Followed the clergy, headed by the Bishop of Victoria and the Dean of the Falk-

land Isles, those far outposts of Empire, and last, preceded by the verger bearing the golden crozier, came the Bishop of London, the prelate who is the brother of all wayfaring men and seafarers.

The organ peals, and Wren's magnificent architecture, dimly gleaming here and there with rich sculpture and gold of mosaic, springs to new meaning in those waves of harmony.

"All people that on earth do dwell." . . . The whole four thousand men are singing, and the little Greenwich choir boys open their mouths round as an O, like the cherubs in old pictures. Then arises the single musical voice that penetrates to every corner of the enormous building, making submission above the bowed heads to the Creator of earth and heaven and the sea. Then all sing the Psalm that tells how though the waters rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same, yet the rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God. Far beyond the vision of the old Hebrew poet, reaches the meaning of his words to the England, whose "wealth, prosperity and peace" came by the sea. And they who use the sea are all poor men, and four thousand of them are gathered here to-day, beneath the dark and lofty dome, whose gold cross glitters high in air above the metropolis of the world. And who made England? These men, and such as these.

The Chaplain of the Fleet (no finer sounding title graces the Church of England) read the First Lesson, which told how the Prophet Jonah, having come to port after his engagement in the first submarine, made his oblation to the Most High. And after the Psalm, the Second Lesson, read by the Bishop of Auckland, recited how the Saviour of the world walked upon the sea—"and when they were come out of the ship, straightway they knew Him."

The Bishop of London spoke to the men who had come out of the ships to hear him—"not as a Bishop," he said, "but as a brother." Simple and straightforward, he told the sailors how they needed "an anchor for the soul."

"One of the things which makes us all so proud of you," said the Bishop, "is the pluck with which you face danger." He spoke truth. Neglect the men of the sea as we may, not one of us who dwells at ease ashore but is proud of them. And the Bishop showed the sailors how they might find and let drop and hold fast to that anchor of the soul, of which the great apostle (himself a seafarer, as the picture in the chapel of Greenwich Hospital shows) spoke in his letter to the Hebrews. "My brothers," said the Bishop, "if we find no love we are lost indeed." And his words may well be considered by the folk ashore who live by virtue of the men of the sea—the silent, hardy men of the sea, whose lot none other can ever fully enter into or comprehend.

But once a year, on Trafalgar Day, the Church receives the sailors in the great Cathedral, and gives them admonition and her blessing, an admirable custom which Captain R. R. Hubbard did so much to establish. May it endure for ever, so that once in the year shall the descendants of Nelson's men and their kindred gather together above his resting-place under the dome of Paul's.

W. E. HENLEY.

"Now I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand. And thou were the courteoust knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrad horse. And thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

A stone chamber, lit from overhead; the Archdeacon of St. Paul's Cathedral, in his robes and scarlet hood; a half circle of grave faces, thickening dimly into the vast shadows of the Crypt; and set breast-high in the centre of the wall, framed in white marble, a bronze head, noble and melancholy and austere. This is the picture which

rises in the mind when one surveys the set of octavo volumes lettered "The Works of W. E. Henley"—the definitive edition. On July 11, 1907, the fourth anniversary of the poet's death, the memorial of a great son of England was received into St. Paul's Cathedral. Auguste Rodin, the renowned French sculptor, wrought his head in bronze twenty odd years ago, when Henley was thirty-seven. When he died, M. Rodin designed the marble setting, in which the bronze stands enshrined in St. Paul's Cathedral, and shall stand so long as the building made with hands endures.

"Et cela nous encourage," wrote M. Rodin, "d'aimer un homme qui a si bien fait son devoir dans la vie en s'appuyant sur la beauté."

Here, in England, Henley's work is known. Even his enemies—for he made enemies, being born a fighting man—respect it. To his kinsfolk overseas it is but little known; but it will be known. What they will never know is how he backed them in times of trouble, and backed their friends, and fought for the Imperial ideal near single-handed in his weekly journal, when as yet England was asleep. Benjamin Disraeli Lord Beaconsfield, Henley, Kipling — these three names are lit by that inspiration, which is spreading like a fire. But Beaconsfield was dead—his great rival outlasted him, and achieved Majuba and the death of Gordon—when a young man came to London town from India. His name was Rudyard Kipling, and he dwelt alone for a season and wrote verses, at a time when the Irish enemies of England were doing after their kind. Who was it printed "Cleared"—

> "Cleared—you that 'lost' the League accounts—go guard our honour still,
> Go, help to make our country's laws that broke God's law at will—
> One hand stuck out behind the back, to signal 'strike again';
> The other on your dress-shirt front to show your heart is clane."

—when every other editor in London was afraid? Who but Henley of the *National Observer*? Who printed the greater number of the first "Barrack-Room Ballads" and "Tomlinson" and the "English Flag"? Henley of the *National*

Observer. Turn up the old volumes of that journal and you shall see how Henley wrought for England. Things, of course, are now quite different. Kipling's verses have rung throughout the Empire ; all of us are Imperialists now ; but I am referring to a generation since.

" So he loved England," said Mr. Wyndham, speaking at the memorial service. " He loved the valour of England at war, when ' the loneliest death is fair with a memory of her flowers.' And he loved the plenty of England in peace."

War ! When the war befell in South Africa the *National Observer* was dead, like many another gallant and honest and imprudent venture ; and Henley, vexed by ill-health, sat in his study and ate his heart, and wrote " Verses and Songs in Time of War."

> " Southern Cross and Polar Star—
> Here are the Britains bred afar ;
> Serry, O serry them, fierce and keen,
> Under the flag of the Empress-Queen ;
> Shoulder to shoulder down the track,
> Where to the unretreating Jack,
> The victor bugles of England play
> Over the hills and far away ! "

Who, then, was this man who lived and died poor, and made no figure in the great world, yet wielded an extraordinary power, and did as much in the only way destiny left open to him as any Englishman of his time to accomplish the Imperial ideal ; and who is now numbered among the mighty dead, enshrined in St. Paul's ?

William Ernest Henley was born in Gloucester city in 1849, and he went to the Crypt School, and was taught by T. E. Brown, poet and scholar, concerning whom you shall find all that need be said in the fourth volume of Henley's " Works." What manner of child he was is shadowed in the " Arabian Nights' Entertainments " (Vol. I. Works). How,

> " In the sleepy Minster City, folded kind
> In ancient Severn's arm,
> Amongst her water-meadows and her docks
> . . . Romance,

The Angel-Playmate, raining down
His golden influences
On all I saw, and all I dreamed and did,
Walked with me arm in arm . . ."

Of the broad-shouldered, tall youth who dragged a diseased foot all the way to Edinburgh because surgeons failed, and Lister's fame was noised abroad, we know nothing till we come to the "Hospital Verses." He lost his foot, and was a maimed man all his days, often tortured by illness, always indomitably courageous. Penniless, near friendless, he came to town; got work—achieved such brilliant stuff as you shall read in the *Views and Reviews* — and wrote verses. For a long time he edited *The Magazine of Art;* then he took command of the *Scots Observer*, a weekly journal which, when its headquarters were moved to London, became the *National Observer*. Henley was summoned to Edinburgh to take charge at a moment's notice; went to a friend's house, and sat down then and there to edit the paper. Then and there appeared a new force in journalism; militant, vital, inspiring, hard-hitting, generous, brilliantly informed, and of an amazing range of knowledge.

Here was a man of power and enthusiasm and genius, utterly fearless and of "a magnificent geniality" of heart, fit to hew out a kingdom—and he was editing a paper, plunged "neck-deep into that quag of journey work." The writer remembers him in those days; a person of great build and stature, bearded like the pard, with a grip like a blacksmith's, the gaze of a lion, and the port of a born commander. He entered the room, supporting himself with one hand upon the wall, and leaning heavily on his ivory-handled stick. We talked of the new countries oversea—"the Britains bred afar"—and his shrewd, intent eyes looked very far away. "I should have been there," he said. "But . . ."

All that pent and splendid fire and energy went into the *National Observer*, into his verses, his essays, and—most memorably—into his talk and his influence over the men who came to him. And there were few aspirants in litera-

ture who did not write for him, none of worth who did not learn from him. But not only these : statesmen, soldiers, sailors, men of their hands in every walk of life, came to Henley.

A single reminiscence will serve to adumbrate the man's own point of view. He had been placed next to Lord Roberts at dinner, and he said afterwards to the writer : "I felt all the time, what was I, after all? A miserable penster, sitting next the man who led the march to Kandahar and took Cabul ! . . . Just a miserable blotter of paper ! "

Among those who gathered together in the crypt of St. Paul's on that grey July day to witness the unveiling of the memorial to one of the last of the great Victorians, were statesmen, soldiers, men of letters, journalists, novelists, men of science, painters, musicians. The Earl of Plymouth presented the memorial to the Dean and Chapter, as a " tribute of a friendship that no time can kill." Mr. George Wyndham pronounced an eloquent eulogy ; the Archdeacon, in the name of the Dean and Chapter, accepted the memorial. The bronze simulacrum of a great son of England, who looked forward to a nobler Empire than he would live to see, stares for ever into the vast shadows of that place of silence.

But in his books there lives and thrills for ever the spirit of England ; the spirit of England everywhere, in this green island or overseas, the which, so long as it wakes and wills, there is nothing can withstand.

III.—THE ROYAL HOSPITAL AT GREENWICH.

"Her other domes—her wealth, her pride,
Her science may declare;
But Greenwich hath the noblest claim—
Her gratitude is there."

L. E. L.

SOME ten weeks after the sea fight which England commemorates yearly, the body of the Most Noble Lord Horatio Nelson, Vice-Admiral of the White Squadron of the Fleet, was brought home to the Royal Hospital for Seamen at Greenwich. All up and down the river that winter's day the bells were tolling, minute guns were booming, and colours flew half-mast high. The great iron Water-Gates of the Hospital stood wide to receive the coffin. Between the stately palaces of dead kings and queens, past the central statue of King George the Second, up the steps to the terrace, the funeral train bore the hero into the Painted Hall. They laid him upon the catafalque set up on the daïs, there to lie in state during four days. So Nelson came home from the sea, to the people of the sea, his own people.

On January 8 they took him away, in a storm of wind and rain. "The coffin was brought by river to the Admiralty in a long procession of State barges, attended by nine Admirals, five hundred Greenwich Pensioners, and the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, and received at Whitehall Stairs by Norroy King of Arms, with nine heralds and pursuivants. On the 9th the funeral went in procession to St. Paul's, where it may be said that England herself was visibly present. . . ."

But Nelson lay first of all among his own men, the men of the sea, who, like him, had worn ships thin beneath their feet in patrol and vigil, watching and chasing ; men who walked naked into carnage, going joyful as to a festival ; and who now, maimed and scarred, received their greatest captain, dead, in the palace, the gift of a Queen.

The wide quadrangle opens upon the river, where the red-sailed barges glide up and down upon the tide, silent as a dream ; where the big cargo-boats pause in mid-current, and are turned about with a sturdy tug at bow and stern, and steam up-river to the docks, and drop down again and round the point and are gone. " The present situation of the Hospital was preferred," says the eighteenth - century history of that noble foundation, with its charming simplicity, " on account of its being so very conspicuous and in the very sight of London, to and from which port the great number of ships continually passing and repassing would afford constant entertainment to those who had retired from the business of a seafaring life."

Looking inland from the Water-Gate, there are Queen Anne's palace on the left, King Charles the Second's palace on the right ; beyond, on the left, Queen Mary's palace, and the palace of her husband, King William, on the right. Sir Christopher Wren, Sir John Vanbrugh and James Stuart the Grecian, designed these sedate and splendid structures. The columned domes of the Chapel on the left, and of the Painted Hall on the right, sentinel the paved square rising on a terrace of steps from the quadrangle. It is closed in at the further end by railings, and past the railings runs the traffic of the highway, and beyond the tramways and passengers, the railings of Greenwich School mask the hull of the drill ship, whose spars tower above the Queen's house.

In the centre of the paved square, overtopped by the two domes, and midmost of the majestic colonnade, stands Chantrey's bust of Nelson, all blackened with the London smoke, ever gazing straight across the green lawns of the quadrangle at the perpetual pageant of the river. The

place is very quiet. A naval pensioner, bent and white, stands leaning on his stick. A naval officer passes on his way to lecture. A little group of visitors loiters on the steps of the Painted Hall. The hoot of a siren sounds from the river.

King Charles the Second began to build the palace, but he slept with his fathers ere it was finished. It was Queen Mary who persuaded King William to continue the work, to found a great endowment, and to give the buildings and the money to sick and disabled seamen. "For want of a safe harbour wherein they might anchor, and an asylum wherein they might repose, after the fatigues, hardships, and dangers which they had encountered, few only escaped from the accumulated distresses of poverty, infirmity and pain. To behold the Protectors of a Nation which she loved, cruelly abandoned under such circumstances, excited her royal compassion ; and one of the last acts of her exemplary life was the proposal of an institution which should provide for those unfortunate, but highly deserving, sufferers." Thus the Rev. John Cooke, A.M., and the Rev. John Maule, A.M., Chaplains of the Hospital, who, in their courtly eighteenth-century prose, wrote the History of the Hospital in the year of our Lord 1789.

Thus did the pleasure-house of kings become the Palace of the Sea. A veteran company of old sailors dwelt in these lofty chambers, dined every day in the Painted Hall, and worshipped God in the chapel, whose neo-Grecian design is second to none in England. Here, indeed, was a gift worthy of a Queen. For once, during the fighting centuries of English history, the men who served their country were rightly honoured. The King's men dwelt in the King's house. And one day, borne shoulder-high through the Water-Gate, the greatest of them all came to the house of heroes.

But kings' palaces did not make home for the seamen because they could not have their wives and children with them. So they got permission to dwell outside the precincts, retaining their pension, and the Palace of the Sea

was gradually deserted. Then, some twenty or thirty years ago, under Lord Goschen's administration at the Admiralty, the Royal Hospital became the University of the Sea. Officers of all ranks came there to study. The Queen's gift was turned to new uses. And between the time of Queen Mary and the time of Queen Victoria, Nelson had come to the hospital, dead but immortal.

Within a few steps of the very spot in the Painted Hall where the Admiral lay in state, there stands a glass case in which is displayed the uniform he wore the day of Trafalgar. Here is the blue coat set with the dim stars and Orders, and studded with the thin gold anchor buttons. Beside the tarnished epaulette is a little ragged hole. The waistcoat and the stockings, faded grey-white, are darkly stained. The foot of the stockings is no bigger than a woman's ; but the wearer trod on the neck of Europe. Near by are other cases containing the costly mementoes of the hero who followed honour alone, and set no store by wealth of gear. Among gilded swords of honour, massy, caskets, medals, seals, silver plate, that which dwells in the mind is the dress sword that was placed on his coffin when he lay in state ; the lean, delicate sword, the symbol of honour. And here, too, there springs to the eye the Admiral's handwriting, the odd, angular script widely spaced upon the square paper.

Below the daïs, or Upper Hall, which is the shrine of Nelson, the Great Hall itself, canopied by Thornhill's vast magnificence of design, displays the pictured majesty of a thing unparalleled in history, the sea power of England. Sea fights rage soundlessly in a tumult of rolling smoke and sheets of flames and tangle of wreckage mingled with the massed bodies of struggling men. Commodore Nelson's slight figure, sword in hand, boards the *San Nicolas*, amid the hurling press of assault, shoulder to shoulder. Admiral Duncan receives the sword of the Dutch Admiral De Winter, aboard the *Venerable*, after the battle of Camperdown. The *Bellerophon* heaves upon the twilight, anchored in Plymouth Sound, what time the townsfolk put

off in boats to stare upon Napoleon, standing on the quarterdeck, a prisoner.

But here, above all, are the portraits of Nelson's band of brothers: Admiral John Jervis, Earl of St. Vincent, he who broke the mutiny and forged the weapon which Nelson wielded; Hood, Saumarez, Parker, Pellew, Martin, Collingwood, Hardy, who was Nelson's flag-captain, and afterwards Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and many another hero. And here, too, are Drake and Hawkins and Howard, their sea-ancestors. They are all of them right Englishmen. And all of them look from out the jewelled canvas with that indefinable, yet unmistakable, expression which is the mark of their calling. It is the sign of the sea. It is not loyalty, or courage, or alertness, or determination, or endurance—though it is all these. It cannot be conveyed in words. There is but one word that lights its signification—Duty.

Amid the wrack and blaze of great sea-battles, and the august company of British seamen, stands the frail figure of Nelson, noble and melancholy and austere. In him, as in the heroes of fable, centres the glory of an age, the splendour of a nameless and a spiritual tradition. Dead, he entered by the Water-Gate, a hundred years ago, and his own men brought him from the Hospital to St. Paul's.

But in the long, low room which is the Hospital Museum, you shall see to-day the model of the fight of Trafalgar, toy ships sailing on a painted sea; and to-day the walls are hung with flags and wreathed as for victory; and an old, grey-bearded sailor tells the story of the battle, ship by ship, as though he had been there. Were the dead Admiral (his right sleeve pinned to his breast) to pass by in the shadow, he would be at home. And his lordship would be at home amid the dusky colonnades and the trim lawns, whence he might view the ships going by upon the tide—and not a ship, nor an ounce of cargo, nor a penny piece of the merchant's counting-house which does not owe its security to Nelson's conquest of the sea. On the right hand, high up in Queen Anne's palace, gloom the three

windows from which Admiral Byng looked his last, before going down to Portsmouth to execution. He was shot to save the place and power of a treacherous Government, the year before Nelson was born. Vice-Admiral Nelson, too, suffered betrayal by the Government, after his death. Musing beneath these windows he would understand. And the lieutenants, chasing *x* down the wide corridors, and dining at the long tables, in whose centre stands the likeness of the Nelson Column, wrought in solid silver—the Vice-Admiral would know them all at a glance of his brooding eyes.

For this is the University of the Sea, founded on the day when they brought Nelson through the Water-Gate, and into the Painted Hall, dead, but immortal.

NELSON'S NURSERY.

In the middle of the stone-paved square, closed in to left and right by massive colonnades, the band of Greenwich School is making martial music. The little drum-major stands in front, wielding a staff as tall as himself, and himself is not very tall, but exceedingly majestic. Near by, on the steps of the terrace, are the Admiral of the Royal Naval College, two or three other naval officers, and a captain of marines. Aside is a bevy of ladies in bright-hued dresses. The Chaplain of the Fleet walks across from his quarters in King Charles' Palace. On the left, beneath the colonnade, flows a tide of blue-uniformed boys, which turns into the chapel. In the background the marble head of Nelson, wrought by Chantrey, gazes serene and august, uplifted on its pedestal. And beyond the high railings enclosing the upper end of the square rise the masts and yards of the school drillship *Fame*, making a delicate pattern of tracery in front of the Queen's House. Beyond again the sun lights upon the green shoulder of the hill, crowned with the domes of the Observatory. It is the Sunday morning preceding the anniversary of Trafalgar.

Within the chapel, near a thousand young bluejackets

are ranged orderly in the solid mahogany benches, filling the whole floor. Above, in the centre of the side gallery, sits the Captain commanding the school ; opposite to him is the Admiral's seat. The choir files into the chancel, wearing sailor collars over their surplices. The hazy autumn sunlight, striking through the south windows, lights West's great picture framed upon the wall above the altar. The figure of the great Apostle stands radiantly forth, shaking the viper from his hand, amid the moveless silent sweep and tumult of shipwrecked men crowding thick in the vast mysterious shadow. Upon the wall on either side a white angel hovers, carved in immaculate marble. The altar is a slab of white marble supported by bronze-coloured caryatides, delicately wrought ; the pavement a geometrical design of black marble and white ; the altar rails are of coloured marble from Devonshire, the country of seafaring men ; the columns supporting the organ loft are monoliths of grey marble. Column and frieze and entablature, cornice and panel and architrave, all are most finely moulded to the refinement of the Greek, by James Stuart, he who brought the art of Athens to England, towards the end of the eighteenth century. You shall not find the match in England of the chapel of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich. And now it is dedicated to the boys of the Royal Navy, as it was to their fathers and grandfathers, before the Greenwich Pensioners went to live outside the Hospital. That was twenty or thirty years ago, when the Hospital, the gift of Mary, King William's Queen, to the Navy, became the Royal Naval College, the University of the Sea.

The sunlight burnishes here and there the close-cropped heads of the youngsters, sons of Navy men all, and as many as may be due to enter the Service. Some pictured memory of this majestic and beautiful church they all carry with them to their lives' end. What time the quarterdeck is screened on fine Sunday mornings, and the Chaplain's voice sounds lonely in the silence of the open sea, or, in rainy weather, crowded on the shelter deck, the old Green-

wich boy may behold again the solid glossy marble pavement and the great dark and rose-coloured picture above the altar, sentinelled by angels, of St. Paul his shipwreck. A hard life, but a man's life, lies before them ; exile, and everlasting routine, and foul weather. They shall know the humours of the sea, and learn the mind of the officers, round the world and back again, just as they have seen the voyage of Anson figured on the stone globes of the gateway. . . .

The hymn. The whole school rises thunderously at the same moment, and bursts into melody, most like the blasts of trumpets. Then the Chaplain, preceded by the verger bearing the silver mace, mounts the pulpit by the winding stair, and shuts himself in with the double-hinged door, and stands aloft. He speaks simply and briefly of the great victory which is to be celebrated in a few days, and the example of Nelson. Not doctrine, but duty, is his theme.

The service ended, the band plays the congregation out of the College precincts and across the road to the school. The boys form up in companies in the great quadrangle, and stand to attention. The band is posted beside the ship. Near by stands the Captain. A moment's silence in the hot sunshine, and the band strikes up the National Anthem, all saluting. Then they dismiss. In two minutes there is not a boy visible.

The officers inhabit the Queen's House, which was built for Queen Henrietta Maria for her pleasure. A broad, flagged corridor leads from the square hall right through the house, into sunshine and the green slopes of the park. Left and right, closing in the quadrangle, are the school buildings, connected by colonnades to the Queen's House. In the vast gymnasium the bugle is calling for dinner. Boys come pounding past at a run. In the long mess-room, with the portraits of the King and Queen, one on either side the door, the cooks to the mess, four boys in white aprons to each mess, stand beside the tables. The boys pour down the centre gangway at the double, and

the solid building trembles. A moment and they are standing silent in their places. A warrant officer mounts a table and gives the word, and a thousand boys sing grace before meat, most like to the blast of trumpets. The bugle sounds, then they fall to. What they want, like other Service men, is "bulk in their inside." They get it, and get it quicker than you would suppose possible.

Here they all are, sturdy youngsters, dark and fair, tall and short, all cropped as to the head, and all stamped already with the seal of discipline. Look more nearly at them (they will look you fairly in the eyes), and you shall see the very same dogged cast of feature that is observable in the seamen crowding the old heroic pictures of sea fights. Why not? These boys are the sons of the sons of men who fought at Trafalgar. They are of the brood that guards the rickety, white-faced, slouching millions of the slums from harm, and that leaves the rich man to fill his belly in peace.

They can look after themselves, too, can the Greenwich boys. There are no servants at the school. The boys clean the whole place till it shines and sparkles, and wash their own clothes, and make and mend them, and serve their own food and wash up afterwards—and all this work is done incidentally, the while they are getting a sound education. They do more work before eight in the morning than the Elementary School aristocrat does in a day. Fourteen hours is their day, and when they enter the Service it will be twenty-four.

Why are there not ten or twenty schools like Greenwich School, the trust of the great Hospital foundation, distributed over England, Scotland and Ireland, for the Navy, the Army, and the Mercantile Marine?

That morning, the drill-ship of Greenwich School was flying Nelson's signal, and the boys were all drawn up to attention beneath the flags, while the Captain, standing on the terrace of the Queen's House, said something to them concerning the great Admiral who came home from

Trafalgar to the Royal Hospital, and was borne through the Water-Gate there below, a hundred years since.

The Vice-Admiral of the White came to his own men, and the boys of Greenwich School are their sons, with the same job to do again, one of these days.

IV.—PORT OF LONDON.

"The ancient River singing as he goes
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea."

SEVEN hours down, five hours up. So runs the tide through London town, year in and year out, for ever; flowing past stone wall and massive pier, muddy beach and weed-grown wharf, mile after mile; closed in by high, gaunt warehouses, spanned by tier upon tier of proud bridges, mile after mile. Overhead, the south-west wind marshals cloud-legions, helmed like Alpine peaks and robed in thunder, flying banners of radiant blue. . . . Steady as she goes, or we shall hit the bridge. The yellow water curls like a greedy lip upon the rounded bastion, with a little snarling noise, and the wherry grazes the wet stonework. Right ahead is a tug with a train of barges as long as a Lord Mayor's Show, and much more interesting. On the right is a great black flotilla of empty lighters, moored and idle, because the trade of Port of London is diminishing, let those in high places gloze the matter as they may. To steer ashore is to risk colliding with a derelict County Council landing-stage. The tide swings the old boat impartially into these perils, and out of them. Humour the tide, and she will help you. Cross her, and she will drown you. The wind, checked by the high buildings, swoops through where it can, and the tanned sail gybes every few minutes, or is taken flat aback, while the wash of the towing barges tosses the boat as though she were in a seaway.

Below London Bridge, the steamships, haltered alongside the warehouses in droves, are discharging or taking in cargo with a whirring of cranes and a shouting. Now

we are in the Pool, and the barges thicken, the men leaning backward upon the long oars, and busy little tugs come foaming up-stream, and the wherries glide in and out like water-beetles, and every now and then a big ship comes riding along, the exhaust cascading from her rusty sides, her upper-works all stained and dim from the send of the sea. The haggard wall of warehouse falls away, and there is the dome of Paul's lifting its golden diadem upon the bright and broken sky, an august patrician looking gravely down upon the River, the great patient servant enslaved to the plebeians.

Still down and down, past the ships of all the world, black steamers and lavender-hued Norwegian three-masters, red-sailed barges streaking down before the wind, or reaching close-hauled, their lee-boards down alongside like fins. Now are we beyond the London of polite acquaintance, the London of hansom cabs and club, and gilded places where you eat, theatres and drawing-rooms and stuffy places where solemn people talk, and where other solemn people say "How interesting!" The air has a shrewder savour, tinctured with the pungent waft of the factories whose chimneys are flying plumes of smoke. You are free of the river down here. You may tie up where you will. You may ask what service you will, and get it, or you give it without preface.

Of course, there are water-thieves as well as land-thieves, as the late William Shakespeare observed, but they are marked by the river-police; the silent men pulling up and down all day, passing you with an impassive scrutiny when you least expect them. There are men, too, on the border-line—as a grizzled workman told the writer in Limehouse, "If you came to it, there wasn't anybody what was really what you might term strictly honest, because they couldn't afford it, like"—who go fishing in their broad-beamed wherries, groping with long supple boat-hooks in the river of death for its grisly secrets. They buy old rope and rusty odds and ends from passing vessels, a trade thus described by a bargeman:—"Of course, they don't give

you so much as what they gets when they sells it to marine store dealers and such, not likely, but there they are, and they throws a rope alongside, and if you catches it, why you do, and if it misses, why, they don't do no trade, and so it goes on, you see." I cannot profess to understand exactly what he meant.

The old boat would have slopped her way down to Gravesend with the wind and tide, but at a point where Limehouse Church rises white upon a rain-cloud, she stopped, and her sail came down, and she was pulled back against the stream to a little beach overhung with tottering old houses. Their wooden fronts, supported on piles, projected over the river, and a balustraded gallery ran, like an admiral's stern-walk, beneath the ample bow-windows. An accommodation-ladder led from the beach to the gallery. At high tide the water washes within a few steps of the top. There is a fleet of empty barges moored inshore. You may tie up to one of them, and walk across them, and climb down upon the beach, and up the accommodation-ladder, and walk through the house into the street behind, and no one questions—you are free of the river. This is not London, but Port of London—a very different place. The street is all warehouses, and there is very little doing. Go where you will along the miles of the riverside, it is ever the same. Why? "Trade's bad." "Trade's getting worse." "Ships don't come as they used." Why not? "Don't know. All we know is, there ain't no money about."

The street winding to Limehouse Church is narrow and dirty and noisy and thronged with stout, slatternly women and dim, languid men in torn blue jerseys, and little girls fetching beer in jugs from the public-houses. (One has a vague impression that there is a law concerning children and public-houses. Laws are so useful when one is thirsty, are they not?) The children crowd the footways of the main thoroughfare, and press about the windows of the tawdry sweet-shops, and the desolate, drab streets opening to right and left are empty, save for the children. Some there are

clean-pinafored and neat, but nearly all are wan and pinched. The most are huddled into discoloured rags, and are bare-headed and bare-footed. Here is a small boy who is attired in the remnants of his father's wardrobe. He wears some sort of mutilated vest, and part of a waistcoat, and trousers frayed in fringes above the knee, and lacking a seat entirely, and that is all. Here is a small red-haired girl, swathed in a collection of nondescript female garments, generally pink, and insecurely fastened by casual pins. So they drift about the miserable streets, this little brood of dock-rats, and into Limehouse Churchyard.

The London County Council has thoughtfully removed the gravestones, and piled them neatly along the wall, in a kind of lapidary museum—which must be very gratifying to the descendants of those who erected these memorials—and has planed the mounds into a trim garden. The sound and strife of the streets go up beyond this quiet place, and tired men and factory girls eat their lunch out of paper parcels, sitting on benches beneath the trees. A thick ring of purple irises borders the gravel, and the great stone church casts its shadow on the ragged children playing on the steps. This is Port of London, behind the river wall.

The tide has turned, and the wind, meeting the stream, buffets it into waves. The old boat can never make her way against the gale, which perpetually blows her athwart the current. Nor can the barges. The ubiquitous little tugs are plying up the river, collecting a barge from this wharf and that, dropping one here and another there, and forging ahead with the rest. Towing in the wake of such a procession, the old boat makes sudden darts and lunges at the barge's scarlet and blue-painted quarter, and bumps her nose on the iron rubbing-strake.

The bargeman, pipe in mouth, leans upon the flat tiller, and keeps a bright dark eye, narrow-lidded like a hawk's, upon the river ahead. His gaze travels over the mounded tarpaulin of his own laden boat, and over the barge next ahead, piled with yellow timber. In the stern-sheets,

beside the steersman, are a woman and a couple of children. Towing abreast is another barge laden with bales of paper, in whose shelter a stout, bearded man sits placid as an idol.

"What, George?" says my bargeman, genially. "Glad to see you looking so well, George."

"Ah," says George. "Never go and look for trouble. That's my motto. It keeps me in health. But what did the old man say this morning? 'George,' he says, 'take and row her up on the tide.' What do you think of that? 'Tide?' I says. 'Where is it? I sees the wind,' I says, 'I grant you that, but I don't see no tide. No rowing for me,' I says. 'We'll have a tug.' And here we are. What do you think of *that?*"

"He means," explained my bargeman, in a courteous aside, "that his master wanted him to hurry away and row up, and he couldn't, so he didn't."

The Pool was clearing of craft, and the tug, curving, swung her barges after her, right across the river, as a lady swings her train. A vast Noah's Ark of an empty lighter, towing alongside, cast loose exactly at the right moment, and drifted neatly up between two lines of moored barges to her berth, while the tug turned and steamed up river again, right in the eye of the sinking sun. The red light struck full on the weather-browned face of my bargeman, and the bridges and towering buildings loomed black upon the vivid sky. "We tows at our own risk," said my bargeman. "The tug, she won't take no risk, not she. Forty-one years have I been on this river, and never had an accident but one. Two years ago that was—just two year ago. There'd been a fog on the water, you see, and it was just clearing, and all the ships was in a tearing hurry to get away. A big steamer run us down in mid-stream—knocked a hole in the bows. We was laden with malt, all covered up with tarpaulin, like as you see it now, so the water only soaked in gradual. She took an hour to sink, and by that time the watermen had helped us to get her into shallow water. The steamship company wouldn't pay. They fought. They always fight sooner nor pay. There

was a big case at one of they High Courts of Justice. There was me and my two sons against the captain and the first mate, and the second mate and all of them—seventeen altogether — the 'ole ship's company. And three counsels on each side. I told the truth, and we won. Tell the truth, I say, and nobody can't shake you. You're safe. The other way, you aren't never safe. It takes too much cleverness, that's where it is."

We were gliding past the Tower, within whose grey walls, now fringed with spring verdure, men and women have pined and died for the sake of both principles. Thence, beneath the shadow of Westminster, within whose fretted walls there is "too much cleverness," and too—"Get aboard, now, and we'll cast off."

The old boat slipped her head-line, and the barges slid away, and diminished to a blot upon the bright water, and were lost to view. They were going up to Wandsworth on the tide, and, having discharged their cargo, would come down on the next, whether by day or night. Night and day, year in and year out, these sturdy carriers of Port of London ply up and down the flood that wells out of the heart of the green country, flowing from flowery margents, where the cattle stand to drink knee-deep in the reeds, past stone wall and mossy pier, muddy beach and weed-grown wharf, mile after mile. Spanned by tier after tier of proud bridges, closed in by high, gaunt warehouses, mile after mile, the River bears the ships of all the world and their servants the barges in and out of Port of London, and wins to where all roads by land or water end at last, the sea.

THE TREASURE-CITY.

"The lofty buildings of this place
For many years have lasted
With nutmegs, pepper, cloves, and mace,
The walls are there rough-casted.
In curious hasty-puddings boiled,
And most ingenious carving;
Likewise they are with pancakes tiled,
Sure, here's no fear of starving."

Buried in the core of the City of London, secluded, unremarked, approached through a modest gateway opening from a muddy, crowded footway, there stands a square pile of buildings, vast as a mediæval castle. In the courtyards great vans and wagons are waiting, looking small, like toys, beneath the sombre cliffs of brickwork. A tier of black openings, rising one above the other, pierce the wall; little figures of men stand on the verge, receiving huge bales and boxes swung to them in mid-air, and thrusting them within. So it was when the old East India Company founded their gigantic warehouses to store the wealth of all the East, more than a hundred years ago; so it is to-day, now that the Dock Company holds them, and the merchandise of all the world is lodged in those strong walls.

In a dusky chamber, so wide that its ceilings, supported on stout colonnades and carved consoles, weighs upon the head, are piled carpets three and four feet high, laid in separate heaps, like a divan of kings; room after room the same, with a glimmer of rich hues and a gleam of costly silk, all the stuffs of Araby, fabrics from a thousand looms, spoils of palace and of mosque. Sedate men unroll them silently, and replace them, and melt into the shadows, their noiseless footsteps following the myriad footsteps of the dead generations, which passed upon the faded arabesques. . . . Look, this carpet is worth a thousand pounds to-day.

Up the stone stairs, attended by the sedate men who are the constant custodians of incalculable riches, to the top, where, ranged beneath skylights, along the immense floors, are the feathers and plumage and bright skins of birds.

In one case alone are ostrich feathers, orderly laid, enough to furnish forth all Regent Street ; in another the massed sheen of Himalayan pheasants ; in another the delicate metallic sparkle of humming-birds, inexpressibly vivid. The sedate custodian, holding the feathered skins so that the light takes them, bends over the small boy who is of the party, and who gazes and sets a hesitating finger on the glitter, and is pale and interested and silent. So, room after room, along the summit of the gigantic building. It is very quiet here ; the hum of the city is stilled, and the air blows freshly from the unseen river flowing near at hand.

And yet here is but a tithe of the wealth of Golconda, stored in one warehouse out of a town—a city—of warehouses.

Another storehouse, built about the still water of the docks, where ships heave high their prows beside the wharf, and a snowy flowing figurehead of a woman with clasped hands, slides into the dark shed. Here is a great room paved with elephant's tusks, piled and heaped with ivory. And where are all the elephants, an army huger than Hannibal's? Here are barrels of ivory fragments, returned by American artificers to be worked in this country ; casks of whales' teeth ; and the tusks of extinct mastodons, quarried in Siberia. Here are rooms stuffed with spices, cassia, and cloves and cinnamon ; rooms stored with iron bottles of quicksilver ; rooms filled with all the ware of all the earth.

Here, on the ground floor are bales of wool from Australia, acres of bales of wool. Below, stored in catacombs, is the raw indiarubber in sections, hard and wet and acrid smelling, and in knobs as they come from the trees, like roots.

Returning to a brief vision of daylight, a vision commingled of warehouse, shed, barrels, ships, masts, still water, swing bridges, more oily water, barges, sedate custodians, stevedores, the explorers descend certain steps newly spread with sawdust, into an illimitable darkness, shot with tiny lamps vanishing into the unknown beneath

dim arches. A solemn custodian presents each person with a tiny lamp flaring at the end of a long handle of polished wood. Footsteps fall noiselessly upon the deep sawdust of the road ; on either side loom rows upon rows of wine casks ; overhead, the fungus crawls upon the vaulting ; and from out the gloom comes the wailing of cats. Miles upon miles of cats and fungus, populated by the cats that eat the rats—the wine cellar of London.

A majestic person, ringed with smoky lights and attentive faces, stands pontifical beside a noble cask. He takes an ell-long tube of glass, and plunges it through the hole in the roof of the cask, and the wine rises rose-red. He holds the vial, dripping wine, over a wine-glass, and the fifty-year-old port, passing from hand to hand, glows and twinkles, deep-hued like a sunset, fragrant like flowers. In this crypt of the wine-god—buried out of sight and sound, all London, roaring overhead in the garish daylight and the mud, fallen wholly out of mind—we drink in silence, each to his own divinity, and the cats wail out of the dark.

Steaming down the river, past red-sailed barges coming up with the tide, and cargo-boats outward bound, and black islands of moored barges, and masted ships at anchor, the rampart of London town goes by, mile after mile. Mile after mile of warehouse and wharf and factory, dock and factory and mill and warehouse, the stately palace of Greenwich Hospital, the great dark buildings of Woolwich, the old, bow-windowed taverns tottering on piles — the whole procession of the mart of the world goes by.

The scrolled quarter of an ocean-going steamer rises high above the lock-gates, and the funnels of a P. and O. liner rise near by. The gates, opening, disclose a space of shining water and the tall tower of red canvas, cut off aslant at the top, of a sailing barge in the eye of the sun. As the space broadens the ranks of great ships on either hand are lost in the golden haze. Near at hand a barge, gaudy red and green, swings upon the oar, a woman and two fair-haired girls sitting alongside the sturdy oarsman, while a retriever barks conversationally in the bows.

Those tin roofs cover some thousands of frozen carcases of sheep. In the yellow half-light behold them piled orderly in cubes, stiff ears projecting, the ribs ringing hard as wood to the blow of a stick, and it is very cold. . . . The autumn sunlight without is hot as the breath of the Tropics.

Near by is a plain building, which holds all the tobacco that comes to London. All the tobacco that comes to London, behind a common brick wall! All the tobacco . . . well, there it is.

Cargo-boat and liner and masted ship and barge and wherry shed and warehouse and mill and a piece of grass and a flagstaff, and shed and warehouse and swing-bridge, and the gold-laced burly figure of the superintendent, and grizzled blue-clad men, all wrapt in the profound and holy calm induced by enormous possessions—so, for three miles of dock, and so out again into the troubled river eddying to the sea, and the towers and buildings darkening in the golden haze. . . .

And still this is only a fraction of the whole.

Released from the spell of that stupendous hoard, such as Solomon the Great never knew, such as Haroun-al-Raschid never dreamed of, nor could the treasure of the Incas buy it, fancy still wanders amid those endless high-piled silent chambers; and still beholds a figure going before, that turns and beckons. It is the figure of an old, bent seaman. Beneath a mane of snowy hair, his eyes look forth, intent and lustrous like an eagle's eyes, as he flits into the shadow. His likeness hangs in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, pictured by Thornhill, and his dark face and wild elf-locks start from out the crowded allegory of the frescoed ceiling—the portrait of the old Pensioner. For he and his fellows, the men of the sea, generation after generation, far back among the centuries, brought the laden ships to England, and still bring them, going to and fro on all seas, piling high the pyramid of wealth, of which their share was, and is, the bare wages of heroic toil.

V.—WASTE.

"They say they scorn to tell you lies,
That they are not mistaken;
But the streets are paved with pudding-pies,
Nay, powdered beef and bacon."

"It isn't doing the work, it's walking about to get it," said the stevedore. "Look at this here dock. Water empty, sheds empty, steamers rottin', grass a-growin' along the wharf."

He stood with shoulders slightly bowed, arms hanging loosely at his sides, head bent forward, and a look in his grey eyes like the look of a dog searching for his master. On the left was a long row of storage sheds, empty, as he said, the paint scaling off them; on the right were two big cargo-boats, laid up for lack of business; in front, the expanse of still water reflected the grey clouds. Beyond the lock gates was the airy, mocking freedom of the broad river and the open sky. Across the caisson moved a procession of some twenty men pushing trucks, and save for these the great dock was wholly deserted.

"I remember the time," said the stevedore, "when the water was that crowded the ships couldn't hardly move. It was the big strike that began the trouble, twenty years ago. I was in that. Australia sent £30,000 to us. But there are too many men, you see—too many men. The outsiders got in and stayed—studied the business, like, and got the billets—and it wasn't likely the strikers would be put back. Then the trade went from the port, of course, and it ain't never come back. Why should it? There ain't the facilities here what they get in Antwerp and them foreign ports, not to mention Liverpool and Southampton.

And the ships is getting so big, I've seen 'em stick in the gates, and have to be hauled off by tugs, and taken out into the stream. No. It pays the ships better to go abroad. . . . We'll go out the back way. There's no more to see. The place is empty, as you see."

On the way out we met one apprentice and a cat. But outside the side entrance were near a hundred sturdy men, leaning against the wall or lying on the pavement asleep. They were waiting for a ship to come in. It is the occupation of their lives.

" Of course," said the stevedore, " there's men among them who work till they've earned a shilling and then throw it up. They makes it bad for the rest, for they gets in first, and the others is kept idle for the day. It's this why. Early in the morning, afore the gates open, hundreds collect outside, every morning just the same, fighting to be first, for it's first come, first served, climbing over one another's backs. Look here." He pulled out the torn side-pocket of his jacket. " They uses that as a stirrup, and walks on your head. You wouldn't believe the sight. And every morning. Of course, these ain't the regular staff. The dock companies keep a regular staff, and drafts them from one port to another, according as the work is, you understand. Then if there's extra to be done they takes men from outside. If the foreman knows your name it's an advantage, for he picks you—if you can fight your way in, that is."

We were walking along the curious, winding, shadowy streets behind the river wall, which wear an aspect indefinitely different from others. Here is a row of neat houses, set behind flowering gardens, built in more prosperous days, and now pressed upon by the slatternly, flat-faced streets of abject poverty. Here a patch of low-browed shops, and beyond rises a tall grey church. The place is bare of traffic ; foot passengers are few ; only the children drift about the pavements.

" Yes," the stevedore went on, in his level, colourless tones, " it's not the doing of the work but the walking

about to get it that does for a man. It fair takes it out of him. I get up at five o'clock, say, and go to the wharf where I've worked for years, so they know me, and if there's a job I get the preference. It was regular once, so I took and lived near by, in Wapping. (They call Wapping rough, but give a dog a bad name and hang him, as they say. It's quiet enough now. Not but what the seamen coming ashore are treated shameful still. You see them big sheeny-men with spectacles come down when a ship's come in, and persuades the men to come along to their shops and buy a suit of clothes for three pounds what ain't worth three-and-six.) Well, as I was saying, if I'm early at the wharf, and there ain't no job, that leaves me time to walk around to the docks. And it's a long walk between them. Walk! You should see the men a-walking, London Docks to London and West Indies, and on to Millwall. Miles and miles they walk, every morning." He looked down at his boots. The soles were worn thin as paper, and the leathers were broken. "Well, say I don't get nothing at the wharf—and the wharfinger has put it up for sale and no buyers—I walk to London and West Indies. Then there's the fighting and climbing over one another's backs, and trouble, as I was saying. Nothing doing. I goes home again and reports to my wife, Nothing yet. Then I walks round again, and perhaps comes in again about eleven o'clock to report. For my missis, d'ye see, she thinks if I don't come in I've got a bit of work, and there'll be some money in the evening. Then, out again, stand here for a bit, then take a stroll to pass away the time, then stand there, and so on, till you're so tired you couldn't hardly do a job of work if you got it."

"How do you live?"

"Well," said the stevedore, "it's a fair masterpiece how some on us do contrive to live, it is that. I got two days' work last week, that was at four and sevenpence halfpenny the day, counting fourpence halfpenny they takes off for the dinner-hour, you understand. I don't grumble at the pay. Why, if it was only regular I could do with less, and

not grumble. I should know where I was. It's cruel, the way it is. But we gets along, and my wife she takes in a bit of washing, and we agrees very well."

"Why don't you go to Canada?"

"Ah," said the stevedore, deliberately, "I do believe a man could do something out there if he chose to work. If I was alone—but I've got a wife and two children."

"Emigration societies—"

He shook his head. "My wife wouldn't go. She's a riverside girl, you see."

That was it. Once riverside, always riverside, especially among the women.

"Not but what if we got a free passage, and had something certain at the other end, I believe she'd go, I do, indeed," said the stevedore. "But, Lord! No one never does anything of that sort."

The tram glided along the broad main thoroughfare, among the heavy goods from the docks, laboriously carted along miles of road, between the wide pavements thronged with loafing men and bare-headed women, and ever the drifting children. . . .

"You see," said the stevedore, "when you have children you have to be careful—very careful. It's all for them and nothing for yourself. Sometimes there's enough to spare for a bit of tobacco." He took a pinch of bird'seye from a metal box, and rolled a thin cigarette, and began to smoke, his sad, set gaze fixed upon vacancy.

VI.—THE COMMONS.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works . . ."

Sir Charles Barry's noble Palace of Westminster fronts on one side the changeless, immemorial River ; and on the other the rush of traffic that turns aside and huddles past the Abbey towers ; and so the Palace, islanded between the tides of water and of life, stands a little apart, wrapped in a splendid and an austere dignity. Long wall and high tower and fretted pinnacle cast their shadow broad upon the stream, where the silent barges go floating by ; and high uplifted into quiet air, the carved work takes the sunlight, half veiled in shining mist. The river goes upon its appointed errand down to the sea, and returns again ; and the boats ply to and fro with the tide, as they did from the beginning, ere the Palace was conceived in the brain of the architect, and as they will when its wrought stones are dust.

Out of sight and sound of the noiseless River, the generations flit and fade in heat and turmoil, ever perishing and ever renewed, eddying in and out the painted chambers of the Palace, changing and dissolving even as you look.

At nightfall, the River goes lighted along its way like a monarch who makes his royal progress through his city, between the lined thousands of his guards, each, himself invisible, poising a ball of flame and holding upright a lance of tremulous fire. His sombre mantle is sown with dim stars, and arabesqued with the dark forms of ships ; and so he marches night by night, to meet his bride the sea.

And the Palace, darkling upon the vast obscurity of the

heavens, glows in every foliated window with excess of light ; and on its topmost towers shines a beacon ; high sign and symbol that the wise men of the nation, who are taking counsel together within, resolute for the common good, are hiding not their light under a bushel, or any such thing. . . .

Let us enter, and behold that light so shining ; now, in mid-afternoon, when the Commons assemble.

The House of Commons is best seen from above—from either the Press Gallery or the Strangers' Gallery. Thence you survey the rows of tired members, packed along the green benches on the floor of the lofty brown chamber ; other tired members entering from the lobby and standing, legs wide apart, for a few pensive moments, and then retiring ; other tired members walking up the matted pathway, and bowing to the Speaker, and collapsing upon a green bench ; the bewigged clerks at the table, Mr. Speaker, austere beneath his carven canopy, the great gold mace, and the torn scraps of paper littered everywhere.

Behold, ranged on the Front Bench, a row of solid, opulent gentlemen, who, by virtue of indomitable tenacity, perpetual manœuvring, a pleasing style of address, charming manners, and what is called influence, have won their way to the seats of the mighty. For a few brief years, they cling to the crags of Olympus, and wonder what in the world is happening down below, and especially how long it will be before they fall off. They borrow one another's matches to kindle their little lights withal, that they may so shine before men. Then the ex-Olympians try to blow them out. If they can blow them all out at once, they have won the game, and become kings of the castle in their turn. The game is called Democratic Government. Its origin is of great antiquity. Its peculiar charm is that they are the spectators who pay all expenses, and suffer all the penalties. Why not? They like it. If they did not like it, they would end it.

There they sit, the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary for

Ireland, the President of the Board of Trade, the First Lord of the Admiralty—a random selection from the round score of the heads of vast and intricate departments of State whose business they are not even expected to understand. Opposite to them, sit the ex-heads of the said departments, whose duty it is to criticise the conduct of the departments whose business, when they had charge of it, they did not understand.

These are the picked team. The rest, with one or two inconsiderable exceptions, do what they are told, which is chiefly nothing. To the eye of the casual spectator, the packed benches represent the liberties of England, assembled for free and open debate. Nothing of the sort. Some few, beside the leaders, may get a chance once in three months or so, to address empty benches. The rest of the time, save for intermittent visits to the division lobbies, is their own. But what (you ask) of the Labour members, those sturdy champions of the Oppressed? Nothing. They sit in a round-shouldered, apathetic group, ranged below the Irish on the Opposition side, because they have a nebulous idea that they ought to oppose the Government. There they sit, day after day. It is much easier than working. When they are not there, they are bickering among themselves outside. Once a Labour man was given office, wherein, for the first time in his life, he was able to be of some use. He was immediately rejected of his fellows, who denounced him as a "traitor."

A coloured shaft of sunlight strikes upon the bald head of a Minister, who has risen to read an answer to a question. He is not aware that such and such events have occurred. His information differs entirely from the information of the honourable member. So far from the Government being in any way to blame, it is the best of all possible Governments—at any rate, it is indescribably better than the last. Yes. Quite so. He sits down. Someone opposite rises to ask a supplementary question—"Arising out of that answer, Mr. Speaker, may I" ask the right honourable gentleman another damaging question, which,

you might suppose, would floor him. Not at all. He knows nothing about it, or he asks for notice, or his hon. friend is again misinformed. You might suppose, again, that, upon a material question of assertions, which, if true, ought to blast the Government for ever, or which, if false, ought utterly to shame the questioner, some conclusion would be reached. Not at all. You do not know your House of Commons. Nothing happens — nothing at all. If the discussion seems in danger of touching finality, the Speaker intervenes. There are a great many more questions on the list, and you must give the other fellows a chance, says Mr. Speaker. Such are the rules of the game.

It is the same in debate. The course of the game is arranged beforehand between the Whips on either side, and the players are duly stationed.

Lo, the Prime Minister rises, the image of stiff-necked rectitude. He seems to be angry. Why? He is not really angry—that is only his pretty way. He thinks it well to fortify his case, by implying a nobly suppressed indignation aroused by the very apprehension that anyone—least of all the gentlemen lounging opposite—should presume to differ from him. He expounds his case with a sonorous, emphatic delivery. It sounds a good case—a perfect case. "Yer-yer-yer," growl the benches behind him. Then arises a right honourable gentleman opposite, and leans an elbow on the table, and presents the most damaging objections. Seeing that his vocation in life is public speaking, he can hardly be said to have mastered it. But he knows that the row of vigilant reporters ravenously scribbling in the gallery, will correct his grammar and omit his repetitions ; and after all, give him time enough—and there is plenty of time — he can actually convey his real meaning, almost always. He sits down, and talks to the statesman next him, while someone on the Government side rises in obedience to the Speaker, and stumbles through a jungle of platitudes. Men are coming in and out all the time, and there is a rustle along the benches, and an occasional "yer-yer," or a roll of "Oh—oh" from the Opposition. The

orator sits down. He has done his duty for the next few weeks. Then a Labour man gets up. He is at no loss for words—especially long words. He keeps a little retinue of them, which he enlisted when he used to declaim at street-corners. Collectively, they mean nothing in particular. And so the hours wear away, men coming and going, and the benches rustling, and the litter of paper thickening, until it is time for dinner, and the members troop out, and a novice gets his chance to speak to vacancy. After dinner, they return, for the Leader of the Opposition is to wind up the case against the Government, with that inimitable skill which has been the admiration of so many Parliaments.

He rises, serene, urbane, commanding. He is fluent, easy, lucid, witty. He has stored in that nimble brain of his, all the fallacies of his opponents, one by one, during the weary weary hours of talk, and labelled them, each with its appropriate comment, gibe, or refutation. Now he strings them all together and reels them off with the glittering dexterity of a juggler. With a final twist to the string, the artist falls back in his seat ; his limbs relax ; his gentle face gazes placidly upward. He knows exactly what will be the Prime Minister's reply, before that majestic person rises.

So does the Prime Minister, because it is not a reply at all. No politician who is not a master of the side issue, can hope to hold office. So he gently booms his virtuous drum for seven minutes.

Upstairs in the Press gallery, the reporters are shovelling their papers together, for the show is over. They crowd out of the haggard, emptying Chamber, into the labyrinth of rooms and passages which they inhabit.

"That was a smart thing of Jones's," says one. "Must have been an accident."

"O, the Opposition's no more good than a sick headache," returns the political light of an Opposition journal.

He turns up his cuffs, and sits down to write : "The leaders of the Opposition had last night good cause to

congratulate themselves," etc.; while his Radical friend at his elbow is inditing :—"The miserable vacillation of the Opposition Front Bench was never more clearly displayed, in the face of Mr. Jones's magnificent vindication," etc.

And after a brief period of severe toil, they adjourn to the bar, and drink together in amity.

The army of reporters, having duly chronicled the progress of the game, each in his manner, leaves the precincts, bids the cheery policeman good-night, and disperses homewards.

The light on the topmost pinnacle is extinguished. But it will burn again to-morrow.

VII.—"THE PARK."

"And now you go on a journey. And I," said the Little Heiress, "go to walk in the Park."

THE smooth roadways are lined with green chairs, and gentle and simple sit in rows all the golden afternoon, and watch the quality go rolling past in their fine carriages. Past they go, in two staid and shining streams, the strong light flashing on varnish as the hither tide slides from sun to shadow beneath the trees. The sky, very high and stainless, radiates exuberant light; the new foliage is drenched with it; the mounded blossoms glow like a fire; and the level greensward is carved in sharp-edged patterns, lacquered with living colour or washed with pearl. Amid the receding, brilliant vistas move to and fro the figures of ladies, hued like the flowers, upon such a scene as Watteau might have painted. And all the while, gentle and simple sit in rows upon green chairs, and watch the quality go rolling past in their shining carriages, placidly amused like folk at a theatre. For it is mid-afternoon in the Park, at the full flush of the Season.

If you have a carriage, you put on fine raiment and place a King Charles spaniel on the little seat with its back to the horses, and then you drive in the Park, through the sunlight and the shadow, beneath the trees, between the flowers. If you have no such equipage, you pay a leisurely official a penny for a chair. If you have no penny, you sit on a bench, which is more comfortable and less select. You sit beside a man who has all to do with horses. You can tell so much by a glance at his shrewd, grey eye, and the peculiar twist of his clean-shaven visage. He tells

you he is enjoying a few days' rest before taking charge of a hunting stable—which is a bit of *all* right. He contemplates the glossy horses as they trot past, with a profound and silent interest. He sees that the motor-car, as a fashion, is waning in favour, and he is glad.

"The gentry," he says, meditatively, "don't care for a thing as soon as it gets cheap. And horses—good horses—are dear."

Are they? Stern moralist, with eyes asquint, what a power of money there is in England! And how beautiful, this golden afternoon, appears its expenditure! Doubtless the pageant of the Park upon a June afternoon may be rivalled among the capital cities of the nations, but never outrivalled, if only by virtue of the English green of its setting. A hundred yards away runs the pitiless, interminable traffic of a main thoroughfare, whose tumult is here subdued to a vibrant murmur. A hundred yards away the sun beats on the harsh pavement, and life is a disagreeable effort. But here, in this wide garden, are ease and sunlight and a drowsy quietude. All is as it seems, for the time; and that (rightly considered) is the best of life. The lines of carriages go by like waves of the sea, with the horses' smooth and noble motion, the coachman and footman seated like statues, and within the carriage ladies robed like the summer. And all sorts of people go by besides; a family party in a hired landau, a girl on a bicycle, an old gentleman in a victoria, shrunken into himself, a famous barrister, hawk-faced, wearing last year's hat (which wants brushing), a white-haired lady whose coachman and footman wear knee breeches and silk stockings, a girl, very upright, driving a two-wheeled cart, with a cockaded groom beside her, a couple of pale ladies in a brougham . . . All polite London goes by, past the rows of people on the green chairs, who admire them so sincerely and so contentedly, while they hearken, as in a sunny dream, to a strain of music faintly thrilling the languorous air.

It falls and dies; and in the pause the low roll of wheels

seems a part of the silence. The people who pass by along the footway awaken a vague interest. A hospital nurse goes by, pale-faced, her eyes fixed on vacancy. A tall, spare gentleman, tightly buttoned into a morning coat, tall-hatted, gloved, umbrellaed, goes by. He walks stiffly, and wears the bland expanse of forehead characterising the Permanent Official. An old, old gentleman in a bird's-eye neckcloth wanders feebly beside a stout lady with a severe countenance. A little clerk goes by, carrying a worn bag, with an air of conscious rectitude. A young man of the blue suit and brown boots type, goes by. Then goes by a tall, lean gentleman, burned saddle colour, quick-eyed, moving easily and lightly—no townsman he. A naval officer goes by, nor does his suit of flannels disguise him. A nursemaid leads a little tiny girl, who plays with her shadow. A white-haired workman drops upon a bench, folds his arms and is instantly asleep. So they all pass from the daily routine into this place of sunshine and quiet and green trees, where the quality go by in their fine carriages ; and all are enmeshed for the time in the golden spell ; and then they pass again to familiar, work-worn things, and thence, each in his turn—whither?

The music steals again upon the air ; and if you cross the road between the carriages and pass the rows of green chairs—and three Hebrew ladies in silk and lace (a little soiled)—and a space of lawn where a fountain sparkles, and a mower whets his scythe ; you shall come into the shade of the avenue, and behold the riders flit among the trees, and the dark bandstand rising near by, crowned with the red tunics of the musicians, and more rows of green chairs, where the people sit and talk in low tones, and eye one another askance, after the manner of the English. The music weaves a shining web about their lazy senses, and time is not. So many disparate lives are gathered into the web, subdued to the enchantment of the sunlight and the flowers ; and the delicate melody is the prelude to none knows what, and the most do not care at all—and why should they? Carriages are drawn up alongside the

footway, and the footmen stand beside the horses' heads. At the end of the row is a light, two-seated cart, spick and span. A girl with level eyebrows sits in the driver's place, slightly raised above the neat young gentleman, her companion. They are talking pleasantly together, and the music hides their voices.

Then the music stops. Upon the line of waiting carriages, and the serried rows of people, a silence falls, a silence as of expectation. The impassive faces give no sign. They are waiting, as we all wait, upon expectation ; but in this shadowed place and casual pause, to which they were drawn together as by accident, they are all unconscious of the fanciful significance of the moment. All unawares they play their part, and compose a picture they cannot see. . . .

Only the girl in the cart, gazing down the sunbright vista, seemed alert and listening. The youth beside her, his face turned a little upwards and towards her, seemed to be waiting also. Then she turned to him, and looked kindly upon him, and said something, and the faces of both were changed. . . .

Then the music broke forth again.

VIII.—BANK HOLIDAY.

"*We are the folk that a-summering went,*
Who while the year was young were bent—
Yea, bent on doing this self-same thing.
Which we have done unto some extent.
This is the end of our summering."

HIGH above the booths little figures swung gladily up and down in the haze of dust, like a row of frantic pendulums. In the midst of the fair rose a circular tower, wreathed about with the appearance of a stairway. Nearer hand, the expanse of rough grass and sand is dotted over with seated groups and littered with scraps of paper. Beyond, a troubled sky arches down upon the thickened cloud, pierced here and there by spire and chimney-shaft, which broods over London. The fitful southerly wind brings a throbbing, brazen clamour of distant music. This is Wanstead Fair, on Wanstead Flats, and to-day is Bank Holiday.

Several millions of people in London Town would be at a stand to know where are Wanstead Flats. They are near by the River Lea and Leytonstone in Essex, and you get there by diving into the City, emerging at Liverpool Street or Fenchurch Street and taking a train which glides across the roofs of many miles of packed houses, in which the people live like mites in a cheese. Over backyards, and past huge factories and stagnant canals and tumbled deserts of waste ground out along the draggled fringes of the skirts of Mother London till the green begins to show, and the houses to fall away, and there is a waft of the country. All the trains are gliding out crammed with people soberly happy, because they are out for the day. They bring their children washed and neat, they bring

baskets, they bring paper bags, they bring, above all, a simple joy which is a treasure inestimable.

Behold them in the Fair, something scorched by the unwonted sun, dusty, sauntering, placidly staring. They are densely pressed against the platform of the theatre. Its front is a bewildering blaze of gilding and barbaric scrollwork, in whose centre the pipes of a steam-driven organ are roaring, and drums are beating like live things, and trumpets are screaming. Upon the platform three or four girls, rouged and bedizened, are dancing to the music, while a couple of grotesque figures are playing the fool. At the side a portly, pleasant-faced gentleman in a grey frock-coat, continually jangles upon a large bell. This is not the entertainment, though it looks like it. The real show is within. The performers on the proscenium are merely there to excite interest. The idea is subtle. If what we give you for nothing be so attractive what must it be like inside! Admission twopence, to the high-class family entertainment, children half-price. Children! There were children in droves, in heaps, from the ragamuffin to the superior infant in a clean pinafore. They thronged up the steps, all among the legs of their elders; and we all paid our pennies to a stout lady with a wooden countenance, and dived into a stifling darkness.

There we stood on the sand and waited, and tried to hope that the steam-organ would some day stop, and stared at the square of white curtain, until the National Anthem began to play. Performed on a steam-organ it ranks with any other tune, and is not regarded as patriotic. It ended; a white light shone from the back, and the celebrated cinematograph entertainment began. The muse was American. There was no mistake at all as to the relations existing between the gentleman in the silk hat and the lady in the summer frock, who were rambling (at about fifteen miles an hour) in the forest. They came upon a gipsy encampment, they crossed the gipsy's hand, she took them, with the swiftness of lightning, into her tent. Silent explosions of smoke—inexpressible consternation of the silk

hat, as his extremely undesirable past appears in the background. There is another lady. He affects unconcern. The summer frock trusts him still. The gipsy bursts into a passion of silent mockery. Away! 'Tis the marriage morn; venerable parent giving his daughter away. Enter another lady, an infant in her arms. Fainting, confusion, horror—silk hat led away (at twenty miles an hour) by two policemen in German caps. Dear me. Audience silent, impressed, and perspiring.

In the next arrangement, the daughter of a dying stonebreaker takes to the high-toby in sheer desperation; and, disguised as a cowboy, she holds up a stage coach. She is hunted down by the sheriff and his bronco boys, tried and condemned in five seconds, led out to be hanged, and the rope is over the branch in five more. Then her hair comes down, and—the rest, of course, you know. It is the sheriff himself who hands round the hat (a tall hat, his own) for the dying stonebreaker and his gallant lass.

Outside the sunlight dazzles. All among the vans, at the back of the theatre, a lady is placidly washing greens for tea. The open door reveals the corner of a locker, covered with a chintz mattress, and a chest of drawers laden with china ornaments, and a bird in a cage. Near by two terrific roundabouts are whirling to the crash of the steam-organ. On the one men and girls and children are careering, with a horrible pitching motion, upon the backs of gilded ostriches. On the other, with a refinement of torture, they are plunging in little cars down and up a steep ascent, and going round in a wheel at the same time. These devilish machines are thronged all day long. Now, too, the design of the tower with the outside staircase becomes evident. It is not a staircase, but a slide. You enter at the top, sit on a sort of toboggan, and plunge madly round and round to the bottom. This also is crowded. No sooner does one set of dishevelled victims totter forth than another rushes in. And all the while the swings are tossing high in the haze of dust, and men are knocking down cocoa-

nuts, and shooting at rows of clay pipes, and boys and girls fling confetti at one another, and policemen edge vigilantly in and out of the press.

Here are hundreds of factory girls, all much of a size, all burned by the sun, and all wearing their hair curled upon the forehead ; loud, good-natured, simple girls, keeping together in twos and threes. Here are a few blue-jackets, conspicuously broad and smart, and a sprinkling of scarlet tunics. But most of the populace is made up of families—father, mother and children. In a wide circumference outside the fair they sit on the ground in groups, and eat out of paper bags, and are completely happy.

As for the showmen they toil and rest not. They carry an air of singular, tolerant detachment from the crowd which they live by amusing. They are nomads all ; here one day, fifty miles away the next, voyaging from fair to fair all through broad England, and finishing the year with the Goose Fair at Nottingham. They dwell in their vans, and call no city their home. Their children sleep in perambulators behind the canvas, wholly at peace in the midst of the tumult. The more prosperous showmen own plant worth thousands of pounds, employ troops of people, and travel by train like lords or theatre people. The lesser huddle canvas screens and properties in a cart or two, and pad the hoof alongside the old grey horse and the family van.

As the sun declines the noise waxes louder ; and at nightfall it will be noisier still, and the naphtha lights will be flaring, and couples will stroll beyond the tossing radiance into the kindly dusk. But even now the families are setting soberly homeward, beneath the heavy June foliage that closes in the Flats, and along the sandy road. So on foot, by omnibus and cart and train, back to the great brick hive, whose cells are home. Beyond the vast outer barrier of the teeming East, street and wall and factory, stagnant canal and tumbled desert of waste ground, the westering sun fills with radiance the empty streets of

the City. Channeled deep between the cliffs of carven stone and blackened window, the asphalt roadways run like lava, smooth and shining ; the approach of a solitary hansom shatters the silence with a startling uproar ; and the few passengers show conspicuous, like people in a desert.

IX.—FLEET STREET.

"There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets."

In the heart of London, a street called Fleet Street descends from West to East, revealing, piece by piece, the towering majesty of Paul's. High-piled and dreaming upon the troubled heavens, diademed with the golden Cross, the great grey dome rests light as a bubble yet firm as mortised marble upon its inter-columned pedestal; slashed upon by the delicate black spire rising near at hand; and across the mighty carven portals, nearer yet is drawn the dark bar of the railway bridge, joining the sinuous double rank of houses; and between them slides the train, whose white smoke ever volleys and melts away above the roaring tide of traffic that floods the deep-grooved roadway from wall to wall.

No nobler prospect kindles the heart in any city, yet it is but the splendid mark upon a strange, vast, invisible entity, in whose central ganglion Fleet Street is entwined. Its nerves are quivering day and night,, year in and year out. The tall buildings that close in the main street and the tributary lanes and alleys, are throbbing with the hum of imprisoned engines. Put your hand on the wall; it is faintly warm; and you shall feel the pulse of the world beating. Through deep-sea cables crawling in primæval ooze, along thousands of miles of telegraph wire, messages are flashing across sea and desert and mountain, by way of lone outposts, far settlements, and the turmoil of all populous cities, into the brain of the metropolis. Here,

they are gathered up and sorted out and translated and redacted by armies of patient men with tired eyes. And presently there is a newspaper.

Man the mysterious and mutable and yet ever the same, peers out of Fleet Street windows with a hundred faces ; faces grave and faces foolish, faces devout and faces farcical, leering, sagacious, knowing, hysterical, demure, but never melancholy—except by accident. For this is the Street of all the World ; in which men's every avatar finds a voice and an expression. So he appeals to his fellows, wheresoever they are, and receives a copper coin. (The price of silver is not found in Fleet Street.) The way and means thereto is called The Office.

The doorway of the office is blocked by light carts bearing the large legend of their newspaper, and besieged by newsboys and messengers and porters : the roadway is blocked by vans laden with gigantic cylinders of paper, five miles to the roll, and by other vans bringing arsenals of ink. In and out the doorway, up and down the stair, all sorts and conditions of people are passing all day long and nearly all the night. The man with a paragraph to sell may rub shoulders with a Cabinet Minister, and the inventor of a hygienic boot may wait (all unconscious) in the same room as the leader of armies.

They are all possessed with the same craving. They all want to see the Editor. They all believe, with a conviction rooted like an instinct, that each of them is offering the Editor the chance of his life. Thus they are content to wait and watch the hands of the pale-faced, implacable clock on the wall, and to call again and again. They depart more in sorrow than in anger—sorrow for the Editor, who is missing the chance of his life, because like the god of the heathen, he is gone hunting, or peradventure he sleeps. The spectacle is not without pathos, because they do not understand. Listlessly gazing at the newspaper on the table of the waiting room, they are but dimly aware that they are but poor asymptotes, infringing upon the orbit of a whole solar system, whose inner sweep and tumult and

inter-action is boiling all about them, unseen and unheard.

The system has its centre, calm amid the vortex like the centre of a typhoon. Into that charmed circle, wafts of the outer whirl come and go. Deep in the core of things, approached by solemn corridors, is the room of the Proprietor, whose frontier is guarded by a secretary equipped with a miniature telephone exchange, and the manners of a diplomatist. The Proprietor is so great a man and yet so unostentatious, that many persons acquire a small social reputation for knowing the world, because they are accurately acquainted with his name. He is greater than a Cabinet Minister, because he has his fingers on the levers of the machine from which the Minister himself draws his power, and which the Minister fears, because he cannot control it. It controls him. Moreover, Cabinets come and Governments depart : an Amurath an Amuratn succeeds ; but the Proprietor remains, with his fingers on the keys. He sits in a quiet, airy room, deep-carpeted, with fresh flowers on the table, and a silver cigar-box, and presses buttons when he is so disposed. He is the Power behind the Throne ; but he never boasts. He leaves that luxury to Cabinet Ministers. He is the sedate and enthusiastic champion of causes, lost or found, and he will spend arduous days—and even risk money—to gain them. . . . I cannot take you into his room, because you have no appointment.

In another centre of the whirl, the Editor sits behind a vast table deep in papers and proofs, which also fill a huge waste-basket and overflow upon the floor. This is the man (pitied of the wandering 'stars in the waiting-room) who every day has to make a new newspaper out of his head and what God sends him. Every day, except Saturday. He is the captain of the ship. He is responsible for all. He is Chief of the Staff. He is a statesman, a politician, a critic, a man of letters, an organiser, and a disciplinarian. He works the most of the day, and half the night. All day long, and half the night, news is pour-

ing in by letters and cable and wire from all over the world, and the reporters are coming in and out with their versions of what they have seen and heard, and books are tumbling in from publishers, and the wandering stars are sending in precious contributions, and men and women from all the world are trying to see him. (I cannot take you into his room, because you have no appointment.)

He sees the news, he sees the reporters' versions, he scrutinises the books, he reads the contributions, and he talks with a selected number of the wandering stars. Then he goes home to dinner. And after dinner, he (luckless !) must turn out, for the Event is approaching. The ship must be steered into harbour—a new harbour, every night, and always uncharted. At ten o'clock or so he takes the wheel. The leader writers are busy writing, writing, each in his room, and as he finishes, slip by slip, he presses a button without looking up, and a boy takes the wet slip to the composing rooms. In other rooms, the reporters and the writers on particular subjects are writing, writing, and pressing buttons. In a wide chamber, a company of men sit beside green-shaded lamps, minutely investigating sheaves of press telegrams written on slippery, transparent paper, that come and still come. These are the sub-editors, who comb out the tangled news for the printer. The chief sub-editor sits quite buried in paper. The whole mass of news is passed through him, and he begins to arrange the nightly Chinese puzzle which is the fitting of too much matter to too little space. Next door, is the composing room, where busy men in shirt sleeves stand at desks of type, or clatter on linotype machines. Near by, is the foundry, where lean, sweating artisans are melting metal in furnaces, ready for the casting. In the bowels of the great building, the huge printing machines stand oily, black and silent, waiting while the engineer studies his switch-board. . . .

The Editor sits at his table serene and busy, steering the ship. Men come and ask questions, and go, and come again. Proofs thicken. The atmosphere is tense, like the

atmosphere before a thunderstorm. There is a hurry toward. The stir in the composing room thickens. Men come in and measure spaces on the type, and declaim, and swiftly discuss, and run out. Amid the turmoil, the Master-Printer moves predominant and calm. He glances at the clock. It is the Hour. For good or ill, the paper is complete. He spreads his arms, and there falls a great and sudden peace. The paper is put to bed. The ship is in harbour. In that moment, all the labour and hurry and strife, are dead. The world glances at the result next day, and throws it aside. It is dead, so soon as born. For this is the Street of all the World ; in whose bazaars the people care for nothing, but to hear or to see some new thing.

The Editor lets drop his blue pencil, and gets wearily out of his chair. As he passes down the stair, there rises from deep within the building the tremendous roar and clatter of the machines, printing off.

X.—FREE SPEECH.

"'Be blowed!' we ses to 'em (just like that) and we likewise adds,
'Not me!'
And 'Wot do *you* think?' as a hafterthought, as plain as plain could be."

THE holding of political meetings is part of that romantic fiction, the British Constitution. These assemblies are called public, but that is merely an aspect of the Great Democratic Joke. A public meeting is presumably open to the public; but the political meeting, as at present usually arranged, is not. Admission is by ticket only. You may, of course, apply for a ticket, and you may get it. On the other hand, you may not. If you are the sort of person who (however respectable) is notoriously in disagreement with the politics of the conveners of this free and open assembly, the chances are that the committee will inform you politely that the tickets are all taken. Again, the holding of a public meeting presupposes an expression of public opinion. This is called "free speech," and it is generally described as the peculiar privilege of Britons. The privilege, of course, is not supposed to include disorder and obstruction; but there is in this matter a certain undefined margin of licence. . . .

Most people accept the existence of the political meeting as a matter of course. And yet, a little investigation of its origin is not without profit. The political meeting proper must here be distinguished from election gatherings, concerning which there is hardly even the pretence of an illusion left. The origin of the assembly in question is more recondite. The Government of the day bring in a Bill, whose real object is carefully disguised, and whose actual effects are studiously ignored. It is attacked by the

Opposition in the usual way. At this point Ministers become aware of a kind of necessity urging them to go down to their constituents and hold a meeting. Parliamentary discussion, you see, does not suffice. The constituency does not trust its Minister, and the Minister entertains disagreeable suspicions of the constituency. So down he goes to talk them round. He is paid a handsome salary for conducting the business of the country; but that can wait; and, after employing the clerks in his office to arrange statistics for him, down he goes.

Down he goes to address a free and an open public meeting, carefully packed with his own adherents, ready to declare at the top of his pipe that he stands for free speech, surrounded by persons adorned with rosettes, called "stewards," who are one and all spoiling for a fight, because some of the tickets, you see, may have gone to the wrong people (however respectable), in spite of all precaution.

It is a sultry evening, the sunset reddening the stucco house-fronts, the passengers dragging weary feet along the frowsy streets. A crowd is concentrating about the side door of the town hall, and forming into a queue. About the door are not more than twenty policemen, under an inspector. Ticket-holders are admitted one by one—those without tickets are seized by the arm and turned right about face—old men and young men, girls and women, they are turned away like malefactors. Why? Our Minister is a bold man; but he is not taking any risks. It is of singular importance—to him—that the meeting should be described next day in the Press as enthusiastic and unanimous. Again, there are the missionaries of women's suffrage to be reckoned with.

A journalist comes to the door and presents a Press ticket. But it is not the committee's ticket, and the policemen elbow him amiably into the kennel. And, meanwhile, the crowd thickens, and the ticket-holders are being passed through the narrow door with the speed of a conjuring trick.

Within the big, garish hall the organ is pealing frivolous tunes, like an elephant dancing the mazurka. The organist sits below the platform, labouring at stop and pedal with I-don't-care-what-I-play-so-long-as-I'm-paid expression, until the sweat trickles down his bald forehead. On either side of him sit the reporters, already beginning to write of the meeting which has not begun. The hall is nearly filled. The front row is occupied by solid burgesses and their wives, glistening with inexplicable satisfaction. Here, is a stout, bearded man in spectacles, wearing a perpetual smile ; next him, a matron with a face like a horse ; then a pair of comfortable old ladies, settled down for the evening ; then an old, shrunken gentleman in black, grasping a staff, and turning lack-lustre eyes on the empty platform ; next him, a brother ancient, with a long chin-beard, and a look as one who thrives on right brimstone doctrine. Along the wall stands a row of weary, pallid men in corduroys. All down the centre gangway, hovering in doorways, and sauntering outside in the corridors, are stewards, decent looking men enough, and rather suggestive of a Young Men's Christian Association—with exceptions. One exception was a huge gross man with pendulous cheeks and a head like a doormat. He suggested the prize-ring. I hasten to add that he took no part in the subsequent fighting.

The platform began to fill. The first to arrive was a gentleman in an Eton jacket and broad collar. His age might have been anything from 15 to 40. The audience clapped him, and he blushed. Then came a pair of black-coated persons of some religious persuasion. Then came the Church of England, tall and black, and extremely dignified. Then a dozen or so of the portly people who always ornament platforms.

The organist put his whole strength and intellect into a last tremendous chord, and departed. A white-headed chairman took his place behind the table, to great applause, rising in volume as the Cabinet Minister entered and sat down.

The chairman was the kind of estimable person who, naturally incapable of independent thought, learns a series of statements by heart, and delivers them one after the other, like shooting stones on a roadway. He was succeeded by a frock-coated gentleman in a circular collar, who was addicted to the corkscrew type of gesture, which consists in writhing from the waist upwards at the beginning of every sentence, as though his eloquence were stored in his midriff. "This cur-rce," he said, "slays more victims in a year than by repor-ert were " (writhe), "slain in the South African war-er." It does not matter what he meant. To adopt an expressive figure, it was "hot-air."

Then arose an alderman, red and of a full habit, and extremely important. He used the snatching gesture, which resembles one who tries to catch flies. He told a story which, he said, was an allegory, and the audience believed him, because the story was wholly unintelligible. He said that he would not explain it, because it explained itself (here he was mistaken), and that "in view of the Rich Treat"—he meant the Cabinet Minister, poor man—they were all expecting, he would not detain them (cheers). He would only add that "Boy Number Two in the Allegory sat down to ponder on the mat." Presumably he meant matter. He said mat. Here a baby in the assembly became audibly unwell. Its sufferings were lost in the applause which greeted the Rich Treat.

The Cabinet Minister arranged on a sloping desk the typewritten document compiled by Government civil servants, and began. He talked with a fatal fluency, loudly, and entirely without signification. It was hot air from a megaphone. "His Majesty's Opposition did the best it was incapable of," said the orator, and paused for the clappings of approval. Now came the expected. I am particular as to this point. There is some misconception concerning similar occurrences. I will try to relate exactly what happened.

As the clapping died away, there rose a thin, plaintive voice, like a child's, from the body of the hall. It said

perhaps six words, of which the word "women" was alone distinguishable. Instantly half the audience rose from their seats, and there was an uproar. The lady who had spoken was silent. Some six stewards were hauling her out of the hall, while the orator on the platform bellowed to the people to look his way. "She's out," he said, and went on where he left off. More megaphone, then another interruption. A man had risen, and had put a simple question. In a moment a dozen stewards were on him, he was hauled, dragged, pushed, and beaten out of the hall, hurled along the corridor by six men, two on each arm, two on each leg, one pulling his hair, and another catching and tearing as he could. Now up, now down, breathless, strangling and torn, he was shot through the door and thrown down the steps into the arms of friendly policemen.

Here the Cabinet Minister made a Bœotian and a quite unpardonable reference to the incident. And the audience laughed. They laughed. Kindly remark that circumstance. The orator went on in a kind of bellow, very monotonous to hear. Then came another thin, plaintive voice. Again the rush of stewards, the rising of the audience, which began to clamour, the ineffectual roar of the Cabinet Minister, "Look this way! Sit down!" and then he shouted, "Chuck her out!" She was not chucked out, but led out. The stewards had not yet forgotten the decencies, though the Cabinet Minister had. He resumed the monotonous bellow. The faces of the front row were uplifted towards him with a fascinated, silly smile. He was appealing to sentiment, rank, luscious, unashamed.

Then another man began a question, but before he could finish it he was seized and hurled forth, neck and crop. Then, after an interval, another lady said something, and all the stewards lurking in the corridors made a rush to the door nearest her, like hounds after a rabbit. Another man was dragged out, his heels slithering along the mosaic pavement. By this time the stewards were fighting-fit, and began to quarrel among themselves in the corridor. The Cabinet Minister jibed at them, and jeered at the

women ; and when the front row obediently laughed, he said, " If you've come here for a grinning match, you'd better go outside," and the smile was struck from their faces, to be succeeded by a stony bewilderment.

Truly, they were better outside. As the ladies were turned out—for ladies they were, and their dignity, as they were haled along by the representatives of the Young Men's Christian Association and the rest, was not inconspicuous —they were received with cheers by the crowd without. Each in turn, these girls began to harangue the crowd, and the policemen gathered among the audience. At the same time, a roaring, strident Socialist mounted a box, and the two voices intermingled. . . .

The writer desires to express no political opinion. He is scrupulous to set down exactly what occurred—what is occurring every day—in a " public meeting," organised by politicians, and regulated by hired " stewards." Observe : there was no question of disturbance. Those, whether men or women, who interrupted the speaker, were not requested to be quiet, or wait until he had concluded, or to leave the hall. They were simply seized—in the case of the man, badly mauled—and flung out, while the orator of the evening permitted himself to use a licence for which he would be caned in decent society.

But " free speech " is doubtless the peculiar privilege of Britons.

XI.—WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

"That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the Fair."

PROLOGUE.—WHAT THE POLICEMAN SAID.

"I'M afraid," said the Policeman, "there'll be trouble on Tuesday. It's the crowd, you see. Where there's a big crowd, there's always a lot of roughs, you never know what will happen. Do the best you may, some of the women may get hurt. It's not their fault. No. People say they oughtn't to use these methods—but what else can they do, I ask you? I 'old that the rate-payers among the women ought to have the vote. They pay rates and taxes, same as the men — why shouldn't they be represented? Why, there's many a widow or a single woman living over the ground floor of a man who gets his money dishonest,"—I forbear to quote the policeman's exact description of this ruffian's means of support—"and he has a vote and she hasn't. Where's the justice of that?"

He settled his neck in his collar, and pushed his helmet from his forehead, and stared across the sunlit space to the intersecting roads by the Houses of Parliament, which have been, and will be, a field of battle.

"It ain't altogether pleasant for us. Take me, for instance. I come off duty at two. Then I goes and has a bit of dinner. Well, when there's a demonstration, I *don't* come off, and I don't get no dinner. The wife, she says, 'When will you be in?' and 'I don't know,' I says—and it's cooking something can be heated up any time, or getting something cold, or the wife she don't know what

to be at. Then there's men drawn off from the other divisions all over London, and them that's left has to do two beats instead of one. Well, we don't complain. The women are allright. They don't really mean to give no trouble.

"'Of course, if you don't go away, Miss,' I says, 'I must take you inside.'

"'I want to go inside,' she says, 'and I won't go away.'

"Then we goes along quite comfortable together. People say, 'they needn't go to prison if they don't want to.' Well, but they have an objec'. Supposing they did pay the fine—what would people say then? They'd say, 'O, the women was only pretending—anyone can pay a fine.' That's how it would go."

He cocked a grey eye at the pinnacles of Westminster, the Palace which a white-souled Government appeared to regard as a mediæval fortalice, from which they could safely harass and oppress his Majesty's lieges.

"And what was the beginning of all the trouble? There was some Liberal members what had promised the women this and that at the election, and when they got in, they did nothing. Prob'ly they found they couldn't. Then, when some of the women came to see them, why couldn't the members say so, civil. But not they. The women, they sends cards in, and the members, they won't receive them. Nat'rally the women thought they wasn't treated fair—and no more they was. So they took and held a little Parlyment of their own, so to speak. That's the beginning of the 'ole trouble.

"Mr. Asquith, they say he's a obstinate man, and when he says no, he means no. He could end the 'ole trouble, but he won't. So there it is. But it was them Liberal members that began it. An' who suffers along of them? Why, the policemen, first and last. . . . I'm afraid there'll be more trouble on Tuesday, I am indeed."

He smiled, shook his head, and stood to attention, saluting a bony, weazened, death's head of a legislator, who was tottering into the Palace. Outside the gates, a lady scarfed

in white, green and purple, was selling the suffrage newspaper, hawking papers in the gutter, like any ragged little newsboy, perfectly cheerful, self-possessed and dignified.

LEADERSHIP.

A clear voice speaking in a quiet room, filled with black-attired, hard-faced working women, every head turned towards the figure on the platform. She stands perfectly still, save for an occasional gesture of the hand ; clad in lilac-hued silk, relieved upon the dead green of the bare wall. Her face is olive-hued, square, dark-eyed. The minutes go by, and she never hesitates, or pauses for a word. " If you went to a shop, and bought something and paid for it, and if whatever you bought was not sent to you, and you went to inquire why it was not sent, what would you say—what would anyone say?—if you were informed that you could not have the goods for which you had paid, until the salesman was satisfied that a majority of women in the country wished you to have it? . . . That is precisely what the Prime Minister has said."

" Women in the Government service—elementary school teachers, Post Office clerks, typewriters—who pass exactly the same examinations as the men pass, who have exactly the same qualifications as the men have, who do exactly the same work as the men do, are paid less. Outside the Government service, women doing the same work as men are paid less than men—women in factories, in workshops, everywhere. Women who work at home are allowed to earn a shilling for sixteen hours' toil. They are not represented."

There is a stir among the listening women, and a murmur rises, and the blank faces kindle. They know . . .

The quiet voice goes on for an hour, kindly, equable, musical, eloquent ; and when it ceased, the whole of those stolid women started to their feet, and cried out, and waved their arms, old and young and middle-aged. One among them turns to the rest, and declares that she is proud to

hear a woman speak as the lady has spoken—proud she is, and the lady tells truth. And then everyone joins the Union, and pays a shilling if she has it, and pins on the green, white and purple ribbon. And so all disperse into the hot, gritty, miserable streets of the grim wilderness south the river, which is their prison and their children's prison. But on the second day following, they march to Hyde Park to show the world what they mean. Just that.

PROCESSIONAL.

A week before, a grave and stately pageant had filed between thousands of respectful spectators, banking the streets from Westminster to the Albert Hall. Women of every class of society walked in fours beneath the banners blazoned with the symbols of their craft ; doctors of learning, doctors of medicine in their robes, graduates in cap and gown, nurses in uniform, writers, painters, wealthy ladies, titled ladies, factory girls, middle-class wives and spinsters, collegians, teachers—thousands of women, quietly determined to show the world what they mean. Just that.

The serried ranks of faces went by, impassive or serene and determined, or tired and smiling, beneath the rich-hued banners ; went by, and went by, and the banners swayed past in the dusty wind that blew out of the grey London sky, and the clock on Saint Martin's steeple marked three-quarters ere they had all passed.

The good-humoured, lazy, curious English crowd, watching by thousands all along the way, knew the women were right. But the politicians Up Above (gabbling like daws in a steeple) have the crowd and the women alike in a net.

REBELLION.

A great hall, crammed from floor to roof with women, to whom a woman is speaking from the platform with a little, tired break every now and then in her resonant voice,

but with a controlled fervour that lights sparks in the tense atmosphere. Right and left of her, sit the women who are going in a deputation to see the Prime Minister. There are thirteen of them ; and each is ready to go to prison like a malefactor.

Outside, lined against the railings by the police, is the crowd, good-humoured, lazily curious, but with a sprinkling of the ugliest ruffians the great city spues out of her festering deeps—where the politicians have never gone, and never will go, and which they pretend do not exist. Out into the sunshine and the watching eyes come the ladies, and the policemen escort them through the breathless, blazing streets, alive with watching eyes and the scurrying mob. Men and women gape and run and struggle, and concentrate in a heaving mass outside the door of the Palace of Westminster. The women of the deputation in their bright dresses, are borne through the multitude which is struggling and craning to see ; there is a brief pause ; and then they are borne back ; while the wolves from the slums fight and shove and grope for pockets, and the burly policemen keep them on the run.

Back again through the blazing streets and the watching eyes and the scurrying mob, to the hall. Refused ! The audience was refused.

The women packed together in the stifling heat, hearken with a fervid determination to the girl on the platform, who talks to them, steadily, evenly, logically, in her youthful treble. She is dressed in a straight gown of brown holland, and she is thin to emaciation, save for her rosy childish face, the brown hair twisted a-top. . . . What is going to happen next ?

Whatever it may be, says the slight, passionate figure on the platform, it will be the fault of the Prime Minister. Let us all remember that. When a Prime Minister is hated as this man is hated, it is time he took counsel with himself.

DEMONSTRATION.

Three hours later. The sun is going down in a red conflagration behind the square new Government offices in Parliament Square. People are massed along the pavements, and across the roadways, and under the trees, and the crowd is thickening every moment. The police are drawn across the roadway opposite Saint Margaret's Church, and across the road at the corner of Palace Yard, opposite Whitehall. Viewed from high up in the House of Commons, the crowd appears as a dense, moving, speckled mass on two sides of the Square, flooding up Whitehall and behind the trees to Westminster Bridge. Omnibuses, covered vans, carts and cabs, half-submerged in the living sea, plough slowly through its eddies, swung end-on and cross-wise, and the " Urh—urh—urh " of the mob rises all about them.

Palace Yard, nearer hand, is dotted all over with men and women in evening dress, and members are congregating at the corner gate and lining the railings. In the House of Lords, a whilom Viceroy of India is warning her present rulers of disaster threatening (first of all) women and children. In the House of Commons, they are discussing an Old Age Pension Bill upon whose provisions the women who keep the home are not consulted. Somewhere in a Committee Room, honourable members are debating whether a woman should be sent to prison for giving a spoonful of liquor to a child, or not. It is of these things that the women are telling the people.

The reporters of the Press Gallery are looking out of the windows, and are using opprobrious language. Nothing scandalises them in the House—they are past all that long ago ; but that a crowd should dare to assemble outside it, shocks them extremely. The division bell rings, but as the members are congregated out of hearing in Palace Yard, a policeman shouts " Division " at the top of his voice. It is pleasing to behold stout old gentlemen, who

have not run a yard for ten years, trotting apoplectically across the yard with coat-tails flying, to vote for or against something—they don't know what, but a vote is a vote, and party is party, and nothing else matters.

Amid the oscillating, cheering, speckled swarm in the streets a separate stream flows swiftly in one direction, gathering size, and presently a blue-clad woman is visible, being led by two policemen. The stream checks at the mouth of the dark lane leading to Scotland Yard. Mounted policemen edge sideways through the ferment, and a few of the crowd groan loudly but without malice. A noise of cheering runs up Whitehall. Members of Parliament, messenger-boys and motor-car drivers are clinging like cats to the high railings inside Palace Yard. Outside them, the police are blandly picking people from their hand-hold ; youths in straw hats, wearing a vacuous grin, are being pushed along ; girls are sauntering and laughing ; a woman carrying a baby is strolling as unconcerned as though she were alone in a desert.

The line of police at the corner of Palace Yard, opposite Whitehall, is suddenly bent inward, with laughter and shouting. The policemen each embrace some five or seven persons, and shove with all their might. , The impact checks, wavers, is broken, and men are sent flying into the retreating mass, the policeman's open hand set between their shoulders, propelling them with the force of a piston. They stagger, recover, look back with a grin, and are lost in the throng. A girl, pressed by a mounted policeman in the thick of the crowd, sets hand on his bridle, and strokes the horse's nose, while the officer smiles benignly. And all the while, the eddies in the tide are sweeping hither and thither, and women one by one are being escorted by policemen into the dark alley leading to Scotland Yard.

Lights glittered suddenly in the dusk, and the trees and ponderous buildings darkened upon the sky, and the sea of faces shone lighter. The multitude began to ebb away. Members sauntered back to the House, with a shrug of their

dignified shoulders. A crowd, they said, is better fun than the Old Age Pensions Bill, anyway.

Next morning, an excited dairyman, who discharged pails of water upon the crowd beneath his windows, was fined ten shillings. But between twenty or thirty women went to prison. They had shown the country what they meant. Just that.

Since the occurrence of the events described, and of other events, and of their consequences, the Home Secretary, who is and remains responsible for the treatment of Englishwomen in prison, has been appointed to be Governor-General of United South Africa. One knows not which to admire the most—the reward of services performed, or the compliment to South Africa. And a peerage? . . .

XII.—ORATORS.

" His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and when you have found them they are not worth the search."

" PRAY talk as much as you please, ladies and gentlemen," says the Spirit of Liberty, in this age of grace. " Here in the centre of our great metropolis is a nice open space, to which there is easy access from all parts, and where the incorruptible policeman is specially detailed to see fair play and to prevent bloodshed. Talk away and be happy—so long," adds the Spirit, but in an undertone, " as you don't, my children, proceed to action." The implied condition is perfectly understood by the Hyde Park orator.

Behold him now, in a state of beaming satisfaction, setting up his little rostrum under the trees, hard by the green lawns whereon the perennial loafer lies sleeping, face downwards. The little old gentleman, white-haired, with a mild blue eye, who is making so passionate an oration, is a sound Constitutionalist. " Your Radicals," he says, waving a fragile white hand, " your Radicals "—withering emphasis—" what are they doing now? What are your Radicals doing—them that used to hit straight from the shoulder before the election? Ah ! but that was before the election ! Now, all they can do is to excuse themselves for all their actions by hiding behind the example of Mr. Balfour. Of Mr. Balfour ! whom once they were wont to hit straight from the shoulder. Now it's Mr. Balfour did this —why shouldn't we? My friends, are not we Tories to hit straight from the shoulder in our turn? "

All the while the little old gentleman, with a radiant

satisfaction, is delivering these impassioned sentiments, a gentleman leaning against the railings behind the orator is darkly taking notes. Presently, he will arise and destroy the Constitution. He has a very tall hat, and a very short coat and a good deal of torso in his waistcoat. None besides himself appears the least interested in the little old gentleman. The group of spectators listen and gaze with a wooden stolidity. Here are shop assistants, dandy and straw-hatted; nursemaids, three or four vague young women, a soldier or two, a bluejacket in his No. 1 rig, a sprinkling of the loafer, slouching, smeary, and languid.

Under the next tree a young man with extraordinarily neat hair and immaculate linen, is preaching a religious discourse to another wholly stolid audience. Upon the rostrum, pallid fervour, perspiration, cries, entreaties. Round about it, a dead wall of incurious faces. These hot gospellers will go at it, watch and watch on till the shades of night are falling, with the same unabated zeal, enthusiasm, and enjoyment.

Wedged between this group of religionists and another gathering which is frankly atheistical, a grey-headed gentleman in a straw hat is delivering his soul on the subject of social democracy. He has a merry twist of features, and a salient nose which holds the attention. The sunlight illumines the tip of it, as he wags his head, and it exercises a sort of fascination. This orator has it upon him to defend Mr. John Burns from the aspersions of his enemies. "Mr. John Burns," he cries, "is to my mind —er-rer—the same John Burns as he was—er-rer—when he led the—er-rer—dock strike. I don't consider, in my opinion, mind you, that—er-rer—he has done so badly. I think he's done—er-rer—very well." Follows a catalogue of the benefits bestowed by Mr. Burns upon an ungrateful nation. "Now I hear," continued the speaker, confidentially, "that this Gover'ment has arranged to hold an autumn session. What does that mean? What—er-rer —does it mean? It means that instead of dropping the Gover'ment Bills into the—er-rer—waste-paper basket, like

what Mr. Balfour would have done, an—er-rer—slaughter of the innocents, if you like, the Gover'ment will continue their labours and—er-rer—pass those Bills, which are undoubtedly, if you like, in my opinion, an—er-rer—benefit to the nation." Pause. Perspiration. Audience utterly unmoved. "Now why," pursues the orator, with undiminished cheer, "did Mr. Balfour yearly drop all Gover'ment legislation? Because the Tories didn't like work. Well, nobody—er-rer—does. But some of us has to work, nevertheless. But not your M.P. Tory. He wants to get a bit o' shooting, and—er-rer—hunting, and—er-rer—card-playing. And it being so as he is able to, he—er-rer—if you like, does. Now the present Government "—etc., etc. This jovial optimist is wound up to go on for an hour or two.

The next man is a cadaverous individual, with a face like a discontented camel. He is possessed by a violent objection to the Bible. He points his virulent observations by holding up to execration a little worn volume bound in what booksellers call "paste-grain circuit." He is so close to our Democratic friend that the two speeches become intermingled. "The Irish tenants—er-rer—cottage bill—the most contradictory, the most immoral book—four millions spent on the land and where—er-rer—here, in this book, you find authority for—a race of tenant farmers—er-rer—do you want authority for murder, it's in the book—and where—er-rer—could you spend money better—for polygamy, in this book—in our overcrowded centres—for celibacy, in this book, for luxury, in this book, for asceticism, in this book—er-rer—the cause of true progress" —and so on.

It's confusing, but the audience doesn't mind in the least. No one betrays the faintest emotion, except a dark-visaged man who stands below the anti-Bible man, and grins to himself, and says "Good again!" at intervals.

But on the skirts of the assembly a party of foreign gentlemen are wandering, with amazement depicted on their amiable countenances. One is a pallid, spectacled person

with a fluffy brown beard, wearing a Panama hat in a state of advanced degeneration, and a grey morning suit that would appear to have been made for another—and a thinner —gentleman. He looks and peers and lingers, and strokes his downy beard with fat white fingers. Ahead of him marches bravely, his vast rotundity nobly projecting, a short gentleman tastefully attired in a round grey hat, like a pork-pie with a rim, and a grey frogged surtout. He carries a slender cane with a solid silver handle. "You can tell an Englishman a mile long," as I heard a guileless German youth observe the other day, at the International Congress of Architects. He meant, of course, a mile off. Conversely, you can recognise the foreigner in Hyde Park with an equal certainty. The little party led by the majestic person in the frogged surtout were amazedly noting the institutions of English liberty—let us hope to the profit of civilisation.

The anti-Biblical fanatic was flanked on the side remote from the democrat, by another religious assembly. "When I was a youngster," cries a bright-faced youth, with hair well oiled and brushed back from his azure brow, "I, too, was unhappy. (Of course, I'm still young, I know.) Now I'm as happy as a skylark. Why?" etc. Indeed, he looked supremely happy as he talked away to the ring of wooden faces.

The next stand was occupied by a brown-faced gentleman in a hard hat, jammed over his eyes. He had no pulpit. He just stood on the common ground, like the philosopher he was. "I'm only an ordinary working man," he said. "But I've read Schopenhauer and Spencer, and Bellows, and Karl Marx, and Brown, and—and Ruskin, and all of them. And why? How was it that I, a common working man"—he had an indescribable relish for the phrase—"was able to read all these great philosophers? Because I chose. So could you, if you chose. And what did I find, after years and years of study? Simply this: That honesty was the best policy!" This startling conclusion so disgusted the tall policeman at my side that he

said he could not stand no more of that lot ; and he returned to the little old Constitutionalist over the way.

But it presently appeared that our philosophic student had made a tremendous discovery, to which the maxim concerning honesty was but the threshold. " I go to all these different sects and parties," he said, " and I ask them : What is the cause of the poverty of this country? They all give me an answer of their own. I go to the Socialist, and he says, Unearned increment. There's no such thing. His answer is, therefore, what is called in algebra an unknown quantity. It is, therefore, nothing. I go to the religious party, and he says, God ! Another unknown quantity. I go to the "—and so on. No one, it seemed, had any solution that did not involve that fatal unknown quantity. Now came the discovery. " All poverty is due to the simple fact that the banks control the currency. They can stop all sales. (A sale, as I have explained, is only a means of disengaging capital.) They can ruin any man. They can actually get up and ruin any tradesman at any moment. They can? They do. Because they control the currency. Release the currency, and you and I, my friends, where we have one sovereign in our pockets," slapping that part of his person, " we shall have four. That's where I want the wealth of this country to be—not in land, —or houses, or banks—but in our pockets. And why is it not? " Here a solemn man in a soft hat stepped forward and removed a noxious insect from the orator's low collar. " Thank you. Why is it not? Because the banks control the currency."

Just behind the speaker, a bearded, filthy tramp, with a face like putty, was secretly eating crumbs, which he conveyed from the recesses of his rags. Beside him a brother loafer gazed at vacancy. A coloured gentleman, with his hat on one side and an incredibly white collar, intruded into the circle, thrust out a dusky chin, and departed. Perhaps he was looking for Mr. Keir Hardie. For the rest—stony, absolute, hopeless indifference. The philosophic one removed his hard hat, mopped his brow, jammed

his hat on again, and took up his parable, inveighing against banks with undiminished enjoyment.

Long may the open-air Parliament flourish. Its oratory attains, perhaps, as high a level as that recorded by Hansard, on the whole ; and it is less harmful. Many a strange humour that, driven inwards, would work a fever in the blood, finds in this agreeable exercise its natural escape. Pent in the brain, it would gather sullen force, which would suddenly explode in violent action, that now dissipates into thin air. Often an honest enthusiasm burns here, to who knows what good effect? But, as experience shows, the casual audiences are as little susceptible to rhetoric as any in the world. Frantic revolution, the beauties of temperance, the consolations of religion, the reasonableness of atheism ; these doctrines, and many more, are preached with an equal fervour under the catholic and paternal supervision of the policeman, and to the inexpressible astonishment of the intelligent foreigner. And meanwhile the world continues to revolve upon its axis in the ancient groove.

XIII.—THE CRÈCHE.

"But we—pity us! Oh, pity us!—
We wakeful; ah, pity us!—
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!"

THE Day Nurseries for the Children of Working Mothers is the sufficiently descriptive title of one of these most necessary of all benevolent enterprises. There ought to be a day nursery in every mean street in every great city. In London at this moment there are but a scattered few. As the passenger, looking from the window of a train gliding across the immense, dim wilderness of barbarous London, catches here and there a sparkle where the low sun strikes upon a pane of glass: so, in the mental prospect of London's vast degradation, shine these points of charity.

But why (you ask) cannot the mothers look after their own children? The answer is simple—even appallingly simple. It is because the mothers in barbarous London must work all day at home or in mill or factory to get a bare subsistence. Therefore they have no time to care for their children. That bald statement is worth a little serious reflection. Tens of thousands of women in barbarous England are absolutely prevented from fulfilling their first natural duty.

Here is an evil, insidious, deadly, and widespread, that is steadily eating away the national fibre. We cannot now trace its cruel ramifications throughout what is called the social system. It is sufficient for our present purpose to indicate its three main causes. These are: Sweated labour, drink, and bad housing. The sweater, the publican, and a combination of slum landlord and jerry-builder

make the devil's trinity that is crushing the life out of England. Their gospel is the gospel of cheapness.

The sweated labour consists in lowering men's wages to starvation point, and then throwing the men out of employment and replacing them with their wives and daughters, at lower wages still. Even of this scant pittance the publican takes a heavy toll, the slum landlord and the jerry-builder a heavier. Then, under our present economically perfect, but actually ruinous, industrial conditions, both men and women are thrown out of work altogether. But first the men are discharged, so that the women have to work.

Let us see how these things work in practice at a day nursery established in Battersea. The conditions which prevail in that moribund district also prevail, with variations, at Hoxton, where is another nursery, and everywhere in the barbarous provinces of London.

Battersea is not regarded as a particularly distressed province. Yet here are hundreds of steady men out of work, wandering the streets in vain quest of it. These are to be most definitely distinguished from the wastrels who also wander the streets, but not in search of work. The men having nothing, the women must turn to. In Battersea, laundry work is the chief industry. A laundry provides only three or four days' work in the week. The collecting, which occupies the rest of the week, is done by a few persons employed for that purpose. The pay of the laundry women is eight to nine shillings per week. That is absolutely all they have for their families. They live in one or two rooms in a wretched, shoddy tenement house. There is no water supply except in the basement. They pay from four to six shillings a week in rent.

To earn their eight or nine shillings, they must work the whole day long for three or four days each week. What becomes of the children? They are left to old women of unrefined habits and of abysmal ignorance and indifference ; or they are locked in or locked out. They are neglected, ill clad, ill fed, exposed to heat and rain and

cold. They sicken and die in large numbers. The survivors are often enfeebled for life. Such is the Imperial race in its cradle.

It must be admitted that even if the mothers were able to devote their time to their households, their profound ignorance of the simplest elements of domestic economy, and of the right nurture of children, inflicts immense injury upon their offspring. These women grew up in the same blighting atmosphere of neglected home, of drink, of squalor. They have all been to school, it is true ; and the result is a remarkable commentary upon our methods of education. But so much the more is the nursery required.

Grant Road is a drab street, sentinelled by two sullen red public-houses. The pattern is repeated for miles on every hand. You can pick out the day nursery from the row of flat-fronted houses at once, because it has large casement windows set wide open. Within, the ground floor consists of one room running the depth of the house, with a little bath-room built on at the back. It is warm and airy, and very clean. Ten or a dozen children are playing on the floor. Against the wall, beside the fireplace, is ranged a row of wicker cradles, in which babies are peacefully sleeping, a mottled curve of cheek visible above the blankets. A pleasant-faced nurse in a print gown is playing with three or four of the children. Other children are sitting solemnly by themselves nursing dolls. The eldest child is four years old. They are all clean and neat, and perfectly contented.

Look more narrowly at these little creatures, and you shall see that most of them, though they are pale, are not unhealthy in aspect. But one, seated by itself, remains perfectly motionless, staring with unblinking, incurious eyes. It has that strange, indefinable seal upon its wan features, the sign of helpless suffering. The nursery is its harbour of refuge. All beyond those comfortable walls is untold savagery. It may yet be saved — but for what? Truly, the state of England does not suggest a hopeful answer. But the good people who maintain the nursery

have enough to do with the present without speculating on the future. They relieve an immediate need. They help the toiling mothers to save the children. They help to steer those frail barks across the troubled waters of childhood. That accomplished, so much is gained, at least.

A matron, a nurse, and a cook, with such assistance as voluntary workers can give, keep the whole establishment ; and wearing work it is. The number of children varies from a dozen or so to 20 or 30. All these must be washed and tended and fed. They are brought by the parents, or by the elder children on their way to school early in the morning, and in the same way they are taken home at night.

In the afternoon the children are put to sleep in an upper room. The dormitory is fitted with platforms raised a few inches from the ground. On the platforms little mattresses are ranged in rows. Here the children may regain the sleep of which they are deprived overnight, for the poor keep late hours and early. Not until the public-houses close is the street allowed to sleep.

They are the mothers who benefit, as well as the children. The mother will gratefully pay 3d. a day to the nursery, knowing that the children are kept safe and happy and well fed while she labours through the hours. Another inestimable gift the nursery bestows upon the mothers, in that the matron teaches them how to feed and how to nurture their children—matters of which they know less than the untutored savage in his native wild. They are eager to learn, are these poor women, and grateful for the knowledge. It is true that some are unteachable, but these are few—not more numerous, probably, than in any other class of society.

But to working men who have lost their wives, the nursery provides nothing less than a refuge from despair. Consider the lot of a man who is left with three or four small children. If he has work, he must leave the care of them to a neighbour, who has more than she can do already, or to some decrepit old woman, totally unfit for the charge.

If he has no work, and there is no one to look after the children, he must stay at home, and so be prevented from looking for work. There is, of course, the workhouse. But, needless to say, the very word is utterly hateful to the respectable poor—and for good and sufficient reasons. To such a man the day nursery is salvation.

Now, here we are to note a remarkable fact. They are the respectable poor who value the day nursery. The class below them, the people of the abyss, are dead to all considerations of their children's welfare. They spend their money on drink. The children must take their chance. Therefore the circumstances of the parents who bring their children to the nursery afford an index to the conditions under which thousands of steady working people are cruelly suffering. The men are most often out of work. Therefore the women must work, and therefore, if it were not for the day nursery, the children must be neglected. Then, of course, there are the men who drink, and again their wives must earn money. And then there are the men who have deserted their families, and who are living in workhouses and Rowton Houses and common lodging houses under false names. But the majority of the men, it is the plain fact, despite all the theories of economists and the elaborate fictions of free traders, cannot get work.

A vicious industrial system, a diseased social organism, revenge themselves upon the nation. You may cut down wages, you may cast out men and employ women because they are cheaper, you may sell drink as freely as you please, you may let the jerry-builder work his will, and you may then pride yourself on national independence of character. But for all these things there is a price to be paid. The money you make goes in millions to maintain gaols and workhouses and asylums and hospitals ; your children die like flies ; you cannot get stout men for your Army ; you breed Socialism. And, finally, if you have any pity for the children of the poor, you must establish day nurseries, if only because it is the least you can do—although it is so much, so very much, to the poor—until better days.

There should be a day nursery in every poor street. It costs four to five pounds a week to maintain a day nursery, even in the shoddy house of the jerry-builder. Threepence a day is more than the mothers can afford, yet they pay it. Now, how is this great scheme to be executed?

XIV.—FAMINE.

"Much mighty speech-making there has been, both in and out of Parliament, concerning Tom . . . In the midst of which dust and noise there is but one thing perfectly clear—to wit, that Tom only may and can, or shall and will, be reclaimed according to somebody's theory but nobody's practice."

In the heart of the Borough there is an arched alley leading from the thronged pavement into what was until lately a vile nest of slums, and which was accordingly inked dense black upon Mr. Charles Booth's map of London poverty and riches. The foul houses have now been cleared away, and upon a part of the open space—narrow enough even now—it is hoped that a school playground may be made. The dull brick edifice of the school stands here, a citadel in the midst of mean houses and tall blocks of model dwellings, in which hides bitter poverty. It is a "provided" school, in official slang; in other words, it is a school built and maintained in the face of grinding difficulties, by a certain Church, for the sake of charity and religion.

In the long upper schoolroom, where are the elder boys, three large classes are under gentle and orderly instruction. The courteous headmaster owns not only the will, but the ability, to tell the visitor the exact circle of cruel circumstance which presses upon each boy. Each boy knows that he knows, and trusts him, and he trusts them. He calls one from the corner of the nearest desk, and the youngster rises and comes naturally and fearlessly. He is shabbily clothed, buttoned to the collarless throat, narrow-shouldered, with a thin, pointed face, large, gentle, grey eyes, and a lightly flushed cheek. He is threatened with consumption.

The headmaster has his record in his hand. It runs something like this :—" No father. Mother at work, earns 10s., five children. Rent, 3s. 6d." I give no names, and alter the record in unimportant points ; because the boys trust one to keep their confidence. That boy has never had a full meal in his life, or a complete suit of warm clothing. His face bears the stamp of that unquestioning, helpless resignation which is the mark of the suffering child. Scan the wan faces ranged along the forms —you shall see the same pitiful, hopeless resignation in the eyes of the greater number. Here is a boy of twelve, who looks but eight or nine, so meagre is he, whose feet are bare, and his trousers in ragged fringes. His face is quite white, his aspect beaten and dull. He is of the poorest ; for boots are one of the tokens of respectability. These children will continue to wear their boots when the sole is clean worn away ; so that they come to school with the upper leathers soaked, and sit all day with their bare feet on the ground.

Here is a little red-headed chap, with black eyes, diminutive as a weasel ; next him is a fair-haired child with a delicate oval face, tiny like a doll. He is eight years old, and he is the size of a normal child of three. His light hair is cropped close, save for a fringe on his forehead, through which he peers trustfully up at the visitor, as he whispers his age, and the fact that " yesterday mother bought two bacon bones for dinner for 2d., because she didn't have no more money." Near by is a short, square boy, of a stolid aspect, pale as they all are, and undersized, but with a kind of determination about him. His father was left a widower with three small children, and this boy. The father, who was (as usual) out of work, could find no neighbour to take charge of the children, so he stayed at home and took charge of them himself. The boy does house work before school, and after. If he earns a penny by a fortunate chance, he spends a halfpenny for to-day's rations, and keeps the balance for to-morrow. If it were not for the school, he would get no other food.

The headmaster tells the boys who are receiving school meals to stand up. Nearly half the boys stand. Those boys whose fathers have got work that day are told to sit down. Two or three sit down. It is to be precisely noted that no meals are given by the school unless the master knows by personal inquiry the circumstances of the boy's parents. The school, which is poor in money, was forced, as it were, into the distribution of one free meal to the needy—only a little soup and bread—in this wise. Upon a morning, when there was snow on the ground, a boy came to the school and fainted upon the threshold. They made him a couch of the other boys' coats, and did what they could to revive him. He had had no food that morning, nor the whole of the previous day. They sent him home with his brother, with a message to his mother, telling her to put him to bed and to send for the doctor. The mother—a feckless wretch—kept him in bed for one day, and sent him to school the next. He was so miserably ill that the master again sent him home, with his brother. He never got there. On the way he was taken violently sick, and fainted in the entry to a court. A policeman took him to the hospital, where he died.

Private charity was invoked to help to feed these poor children ; and the teachers voluntarily sacrifice their time to serving the meals. There is no difficulty whatever in deciding who ought to be fed. The boys themselves, so soon as there is any food in their homes, voluntarily refuse the school meal. More, the parents, so soon as they get work, will come to the headmaster and ask him to send their children home to meals.

The elder girls, those of Standard VII., have a look of better health, on the whole. There are but few of the terrible white, hopeless faces. The headmistress will tell you that not many of the underfed are capable of reaching the standard before they are fourteen, when they leave. But, even so, there are a few.

In the next room are the little girls ; and in them you see the fatal process beginning. There, in the corner,

against the wall, is a heavy, pallid face, the hair hanging about it, the eyes wistful and darkened, of a little thing of ten, who is scarce larger than a child of five. Near her is another like her, and another, and another. The teacher calls them up, and they crowd about the visitor, looking up incurious, wholly languid. Is there such another lamentable sight in all broad England? Yes—in every great town in the land, troops upon troops of foredoomed and stricken children. No fault of theirs—no fault of theirs.

But what (you say) of the parents? Generally speaking, the parents are merely in direst poverty, through no fault of their own. Here are some records, as they stand, ascertained by personal investigation—not by the detective methods of scientific "charity," but by means of familiar intercourse.

"Father, invalid. Mother, hawker. Sometimes earns two shillings in the day. Four children. One boy earns seven-and-six a week. Rent 10s. a week." (One "furnished" room—the last resort of the abject.)

"Father, irregular work, two or three days weekly. Four children. Eldest eleven." This child, emaciated, thinly clad, undersized, does the housework and tends the three other children, before and after school. "Rent, five shillings."

"Father, market porter out of work. Mother earns eleven shillings a week at fur-pulling (one of the worst trades in the world). Seven children. Rent, four shillings and ninepence." And so on. There are pages of like matter in the school books. Among them are a few—but only a few—records of drunken and vicious parents.

"Words are only words." Nothing save the sight of the eyes will completely and searingly convince. No arguments will avail so long as good people decline to use their senses. But so soon as they see, all arguments will be superfluous. For they will see the shame of England. And there will be no more talk. There will be something done. It is time, God knows.

XV.—THE HEART OF SPRING.

"And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak and bare,
And their ways are filled with thorns:
It is eternal winter there."

My friend, whom I will call Tenby (because it seems to fit his precise figure and neatness of character) told me of an experience which befell him, to be exact, on a Saturday afternoon, at the Bermondsey Town Hall. He considers it an important and an illuminating experience. Of that you shall judge for yourself. He has not the least objection to my setting it forth in print.

But in order to appreciate his point of view, you must understand that Tenby is a good little man, who endures a somewhat hard and monotonous lot with unfailing courage. He is a City clerk. His chief interest in life consists in a kind of studious philanthropy. He is a born reformer, and therefore an idealist. It was quite natural, therefore, that when he saw the announcement of the May Day Festival of the Guild of Play and the Guild of Brave Poor Things, to be held at the Bermondsey Town Hall, he should buy a ticket.

"I had never been south the river before," he said. "I took a 'bus from the office across the Tower Bridge, and I came into a perfectly new kind of London. I don't know what there is about the district, but it's different from others. You know how I hate London — though it's a wonderful place, mind you, the most wonderful place in the world. Look at the business side — marvellous! But I wasn't thinking of business on Saturday. I was thinking of people and the dreadful poverty. There's something about

the huge, great warehouses of the riverside, towering over the wretched dismal streets, and the loafing men and frowsy women and the crowds of children in the gutters, that makes me thoroughly miserable. Besides, I wanted to be in the country, and I wanted the children to be in the country too. It was a day of spring, you know—bright sky and a sort of charm in the air that makes you restless—and to see these miles of bricks and pavement, which shut in the children and shut out the spring, is very depressing—really, very depressing. The little touches of green in the churchyard make it almost worse, I think. . . . There was a bluejacket in the tram, too, and with his ruddy face and his vigour, I declare he was like a light shining among the pale, languid London people. He made you think of the spaces of the sea and the clean wind on your face.

"I got out of the tram, and I tell you I was fairly miserable. I couldn't see any hope at all for the poor noisy children swarming on the dirty pavements and nursing spotty babies on the public-house steps. Of course, I know we shall get reforms in time; but they come so slowly that the children about us will be white-haired paupers in the workhouse first. It's like trying to push a great wall down with your hands. Of course, I believe in the destiny of the English people and all that, but there's no denying they're slow to move—wonderfully slow. I was thinking of these things as I went up the steps of the Town Hall—and there, too, the street children were crowding, all pale and hot and dirty. I'm particular to tell you all this because of what happened afterwards.

"Well, I went up into the hall, and really I assure you I stepped straight into the spring. The whole floor was just a garden of flowers and greenery, and the flowers were children. There was a band of minstrels dressed like old-fashioned country-folk, and they were playing old English melodies that did your heart good to hear. But what struck me was the happiness of the children. One somehow felt it in the air more than noticed it, if you know what I mean. It wasn't merely a performance; they were really happy.

"The children all sat down in groups on the floor, a

green and yellow group, like the cowslips and green grass they carried in bunches, a dark blue group with hyacinths, and so on—all mingled together, you know, like a wood in springtime. These were the very same children I had been pitying so outside. The Guild of Play, which is organised by Mrs. C. W. Kimmins, who also organised the Guild of Brave Poor Things, is composed of ladies who teach the children in the Elementary Schools in the evenings. They teach them the jolly old English dances and songs, and dress them for the parts. This was, of course, their May-Day festival. It is combined with the Brave Poor Things for the occasion. I was beginning to wonder where the Poor Things were, when a boy, using a crutch with wonderful skill came out upon the open space in front of the platform, and read—very well he read, too—a little speech welcoming the visitors. This was the head boy of the Heritage School of Arts and Crafts at Chailey, Sussex. He looked jolly and sturdy, despite his infirmity. Then a little band of Poor Things came up and bowed, all wonderfully dressed as Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, the Dragon, the Clown, the Donkey, and the rest of the old mumming characters. They were happy, there was no mistake. And wonderfully active, though every one was crippled. They made their bow and spoke their words like heroes, and went to the side and sat round Maid Marian.

"Then the revels began. The children danced the Morris Dance, led by a young lady who really is one of the most charming dancers I've ever seen. What does Shakespeare say? 'Like a wave of the sea'—that's it. Then they danced about the May-pole, and then they sang rounds and ballads—I don't know what you think, but I believe there's nothing more beautiful, except Church music, which is the most beautiful thing in the world.

"And all the time the children were happily revelling I kept wondering what was it I felt. It was a real, new sensation—a kind of glow and a sense of anticipation, as when you wake up on a day when something glad is going to happen, and you can't remember for a moment what it is. It was when a little child in red, with fair curls, was singing

a jolly old rhyme all by herself, and then the chorus joined in, that I knew what was happening to me. I can't properly describe it, but it was like suddenly beholding the living heart of the eternal spring. Here it was, right in this room, within four walls, shut in by miles of squalid houses—the very heart of the spring. I seemed to see that the real spring was not all an affair of leaves and blossoms and sunshine. These are—what shall I say?—the ensigns of a force that lives and sings unseen ; and these good and kind ladies held the secret of it, and had given it, patiently and by degrees, and with much labour, to the children. Yes, the children had the spring in their hearts. It was wonderful. It was an illumination.

" And when Dr. Kimmins, speaking from the platform, explained the work that is done by the Guild of Brave Poor Things ; how they take the hopelessly crippled, and place them in the school at Chailey, down in the country, and teach them a handicraft, so that they can earn their own living, girls as well as boys ; and how the principle upon which the whole education is based is the teaching of courage and indomitable cheerfulness, and the love of beautiful things—why, somehow I saw a connection between this noble doctrine and the heart of the spring. But I expect I don't clearly explain what I mean. However, I can only tell you this, that when I went away home through the mass of clattering dismal streets, and saw the children swarming on the pavements, I had quite a new feeling. I pitied them, as I had done before. But I was no longer hopeless for them. For I saw that not all the hideous mass of brick and stone could crush the human heart, and that you may bury the meadows and besmirch the sky ; and still the spring will flower in the heart. However, all honour, I say, to the good and gentle women who plant that eternal blossom in the dark places. . . .

" I've been talking an awful lot. But it isn't all fancy, is it ? "

" No," I said. " I saw what you saw, and I think it true."

XVI.—PLAYMATES.

"Girls and boys come out to play:
The moon is shining as bright as day!
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows out in the street!"

THE London twilight is darkening upon the loud, inhospitable streets; the footways are thronged with passengers making homewards; and among them, you remark little parties of children are steadily threading their way in one direction. Near by, a huge bulk of school buildings looms above the housetops, graven heavily upon the light sky that pales and fades so very far and high beyond the little creatures, assembling down here on the soiled pavements about the school. But there are lights in the upper windows, for this is the hour of the Children's Happy Evenings Association, when certain kind persons gather together to bring to the children of poverty some of the light and happiness of another condition of life. Above stairs, in the school hall, three or four ladies have made all ready.

A child of fourteen, with a patient, pale face and large grey eyes, sits at the piano. At a word, she strikes up a lively quickstep, and the children, who have been quietly waiting upon staircase and landing, troop in two by two, and march into the cloakroom, and out again.

Two ladies head the ranks, and they march in and out in a scroll of figures familiar to the drill instructor, the while the rest of the children are assembled.

Look at the faces as they pass. You shall see in these poor girls of ten to fourteen years old, every type that is known to you in every grade of society. The poor—it is a

platitude, but one forgets it—are differentiated from the rich, not by temperament, but by circumstance. Nature brings forth her types, with their infinite variations, regardless of circumstance ; and in the faces of the children you shall read her intention. Presently, circumstance will have so wrought upon the child, that a certain kind of adapted temperament is formed and hardened. But, even in childhood—and here is the cruelty—the mark of that invisible branding begins to show. Look at this meagre, high-shouldered girl of thirteen, her lank brown hair hanging about a white face and heavy eyes. The mouth is a little drawn. She knows what lack of sleep is, what cold and hunger are—she has always known. Next her marches a poor child with a congenital deformity of the lower jaw. Behind them come two little crop-headed, round-faced girls, jolly and smiling, careless of wretched clothing. Here is a heavy and sullen countenance, that has been subdued to that unlovely mask, softened even now in the ring and rhythm of the music. Here is a pretty blue-eyed child, whose flaxen hair is tied with a blue ribbon—you shall see her like any day in Kensington Gardens ; but her clean pinafore hides a ragged frock, and her boots are worn and clumsy. So the double file turns in and out, and the pale girl at the piano looks over her shoulder smiling, while her thin fingers flutter upon the keys.

One of the ladies rings a bell. The march stops, and the children line up round the walls. They are called to choose their occupation for the evening. First, those for dolls ; and a file of little girls marches happily to the dolls' room. Then, those for drawing and painting ; then, those for cutting out paper figures and making them into toys ; then, those for sewing and embroidery ; then, those for fairy stories. Each detachment marches into its allotted room, which is under the charge of a lady.

The little people with the dolls are all seated at desks, each with a doll, whose dress so gloriously outshines her own. Some are dressing or undressing them ; others are merely sitting perfectly still, nursing the waxen lady ; rapt,

sober, wholly content. In the drawing and painting room, the children are colouring outlines, or pictures cut from the illustrated papers. Each has a little box of water colours, whose palettes are scrupulously cleaned at the end of the evening. They are taking great pains, and, for the time being, they have forgotten all else. So with the children who are colouring and cutting out figures and folding them into toys. The sewing and embroidery pupils are gathered about a table, at which a lady deals out materials and encouragement and advice. Most of them are making kettle-holders, upon which a brown kettle, elaborately shaded, is boiling on a red fire, amid a blue background.

Look through the glass panels of the room in which the fairy stories are told, and you shall see a motionless circle of pale faces, every eye turned upon the story-teller. So it has been since the time before history—the circle of eager eyes, and in the midst the teller of tales, the good magician who comes to us through the ivory gates. In the next room are four or five quiet little creatures, poring over books. Their excellent notion of happiness is a quiet place and a good book. Meanwhile, those who have no desire for sedentary pleasures are playing and romping in the hall, together with two or three ladies, who know the elusive rules of those children's games whose charm is perennial, like the folk-lore from which they sprang. So, for two hours, these little girls are made happy with innocent enjoyment by kind persons who are fond of them.

At the same time, the boys are enjoying themselves in their own way. They are marched in to music, like the girls, and are told off to their chosen occupations. In the hall is a squad of plucky youngsters, which is being drilled in calisthenics by a smart young corporal of the Blues. He, too, is a volunteer in the cause, is this excellent soldier ; and many is the good turn he and his comrades have done these youngsters. Weedy little chaps they are, the most of them, with arms like pipe-stems and backs

that bend like rushes. Some day, we hope, these little sons of England shall be properly fed. Meanwhile, they are doing their gallant little best against disastrous odds. In an adjoining room, three or four couples are boxing, with immense zest, giving and receiving tremendous punishment with a grin. They are supervised by two young men who bear the stamp of public school and university, and who pull them gently apart when they close, which they do about twice a minute. Next door there is painting going on—the colour schemes conceived by the boys being perhaps a thought more audacious than those of the girls.

In another room boys are knitting and sewing ; solemnly toiling with clumsy fingers, or plying their needles with the deftness of long practice. Some are sewing neckties, others are making little cloth purses. One little chap brings for inspection a purse of purple cloth fastened with a white button. His round face glows with inexpressible pride and satisfaction.

So for a while all these forget the cruel wilderness of street and court and alley into which they were born ; and for a while they are happy.

Upon some twenty or thirty thousand children in the London area is this gift bestowed every night during seven or eight months of the year by the members of the Children's Happy Evenings Association. It is not only that they are made happy and are taught useful employments ; although, if that were all, the work would still be extremely worth the doing. The ladies and gentlemen who give their time to the children do so for love ; and the children know it. There is no question of services given for money. It is a matter of friendship ; of good influences unconsciously disengaged, unconsciously received ; of individual effort and individual success.

XVII.—T. S. *MERCURY.*

"And so farewell to the Christian hero, 'the happy warrior,' upon whom has come nothing that 'he did not foresee' . . . We know that we cannot imitate the actions and characters of great men; we can only appreciate them: no effort of ours will place us on a level with them. Yet we pray also that some good influence may flow from them to us which may raise us above the conventionalities of the world, above the fashion of political opinions, to dwell in the light of justice, in the constancy of truth."

A LITTLE sign-post planted at the corner of a sandy lane, and bearing the legend "To Training Ship *Mercury*" —and that is all the indication given to the world of a great enterprise and a great achievement. That, and a brief notice in a solemn and ornate work on "Hampshire at the Opening of the Twentieth Century," by W. H. Jacob. "The establishment and upkeep of the training ship *Mercury*, moored off his estate on the banks of the Hamble, has been the noble work of Captain C. A. B. Hoare since 1885," says the author, and proceeds to a few statistics.

The lane winds through meadow and pasture, and emerges abruptly from between thick hedges upon a tall block of irregular red building, closed about with trees. The visitor thus arrives as it were by accident. The house, too, for some indefinable reason, seems to wear an accidental aspect. It is unlike other houses; and yet it is hard to specify the point of dissimilarity. It is plain and solid and capacious—so are many mansions. But its windows look out from unexpected spaces of wall, and its chimneys overtop the steep roofs at unusual places. It would, for instance, be impossible mentally to plan the house from an external view. Memory even refuses to picture a front door, suggesting that the entrance was approached round

the corner by way of a smooth lawn, with an old capstan in the middle, and that it led immediately upon a maze of passages, which turned about mysterious angles. But on every hand the wide rooms, crammed with ancient furniture and vast armchairs and curiosities from far countries, looked out upon the pure tranquillity of the autumn landscape. The place was wrapped in a profound quietude. A bee wandered in from the yellow roses clustering about the window, and wandered out again. Beyond, a cleft in the still foliage of the garden revealed a patch of shining water and the spiring masts of a full-rigged ship.

This was Captain Hoare's residence, as owner and commander of the *Mercury*. He had others, for information concerning which the curious may consult Mr. Jacob's illuminating pages in "Hampshire at the Opening of the Twentieth Century." At the side of the house is a wide verandah, in which is a large scale half-model of a masted ship, equipped with appliances for learning her rig. Upstairs, approached by a tortuous passage, out of which the rooms open like ships' cabins, is a great chamber filled with a magnificent collection of models. Here are brigs, schooners, three-deckers, first-rates, frigates, liners, battleships, cruisers, torpedo craft, most delicately and wonderfully made to various scales, together with larger models of various parts of construction, and a miscellany of nautical appliances. In another part of the house is a panelled reading room, which the boys are allowed to use under certain restrictions with regard to conduct.

Below the house, towards the river, is another building; and lifted high upon the wall hangs a life-sized crucifix. The bronze Figure is wreathed about with clustering passion flowers; and over the head, beneath a canopy, a light burns all night, beaconing down to the river, where the ship is moored. An inscription, partly hidden by the fading leaves, is graven upon a stone beneath the feet. Here it is :—

"Dedicated to minds that can soar, that will rise and not be discouraged by obstacles or difficulties, that will

chance and dare for what they love and know to be right.

"To co-operation, combination, dash, perseverance, and unselfishness, this building and its adjuncts are fearlessly dedicated for harmony, the good of mankind, and to hearts that can beat for others.

"Its ideal is Good Friday's hero."

"This building," in the mind of the author, is not that which is made with hands, and since the things which are unseen are eternal, we are come to the heart of the matter. It lies in that blunt and noble legend, plainly cut in the stone, beneath the passion flowers. None that reads it, passing by, can forget it.

"This building," then, is surely the gradual, indefatigable work of the education and inspiration of the hundreds of boys who are brought hither from many varying surroundings to become stout servants of the State.

They are even now filing into the chapel for the brief midday service. Here are near a hundred boys, all dressed in bluejackets' uniform, and their ages range from ten or twelve to sixteen. Their cropped heads are bare ; they are tanned and clean and sturdy. The keen faces bear the unmistakable stamp of discipline and the eyes are steadfast.

As they file into the dark chapel, each boy picks up a little pile of devotional books from his chair, and kneels. Beyond, out of the pictured dimness of the chancel, gleam the gold circlets of haloed saints and martyrs. As the chaplain reads the short service not a boy but is wholly attentive. When the service is done, each boy replaces his books with exact precision, and they all file out, to disperse to their various duties and classes of instruction.

"This building and its adjuncts" include, besides the chapel and the *Mercury* herself, a gymnasium, a theatre, a cricket field, a hospital ship, and a miniature railway. You are to figure them, not as disposed upon the estate in a regular plan, but as placed here and there among the trees and lawns and the fields of sedge and marshland, as the need arose, the whole scheme developing piece by piece,

rather than as conceived at the outset and completed by degrees. The lines of the model railway run about the estate and down to the water's edge, binding all together. In the engine shed, concealed by a grove of trees close by the house, are the two locomotives and the train. The little engines, their brass-work shining, stand about four feet high ; the train consists of open trucks, furnished with fixed seats, and a real guard's van. No more irresistible plaything was ever devised for use.

The theatre is a plain brick building of considerable size. The stage is large enough to accommodate a cast of twenty or thirty. There are a sunk orchestra and a complete equipment of drop-scenes and flies, at the back of which are the wardrobes containing costumes and properties. The front of the gallery is adorned with medallions, modelled in high relief, of great artists and composers. These embellishments, the decorations, and the scenery are all the result of the efforts of the establishment.

A little below the theatre is the gymnasium, and beyond are the playing fields. The railway lines run across the marsh that lies between the gardens and playing fields and the river, upon a causeway of made ground and out upon a jetty. Half way down, the hospital ship is moored among the flowering sedge. It is the hulk of a big fishing smack, roofed over and tarred black. The interior has been converted into a hospital ward, with nurses' room and kitchen. A door cut in the side opens upon the causeway. Within that clean, smooth chamber of honey-coloured wood, three or four youngsters are lying in bed, and the convalescents are dining at a little table, under the presidency of the uniformed sister. The port-holes are open, and the quiet air blows in from the sea.

A little way from the jetty the *Mercury* is moored head and stern in the stream. She is a brig of some five hundred tons, who served her time at sea as a tea-clipper. The commander has his quarters in a green-painted deckhouse on the poop. The boys live on the main deck, below.

The mess tables, placed thwartships and set with shining mess tins, Navy fashion, are ranged on each side. Aft is the roomy galley ; forward are cabins. Everything is immaculate and neat to a hairsbreadth. At night, hammocks are slung from the deck-beams ; by day, they are stowed in the nettings.

A hundred boys or more are always under training. They are instructed by naval pensioners in all that pertains to seamanship, and they attend school daily. They are also trained in music by a bandmaster, and a good band is maintained. At sixteen—with hardly any exceptions—they enter the Navy, in which they pass immediately as first-class ship's boy. At eighteen they are rated ordinary seamen. Here we may appropriately quote once more from "Hampshire at the Opening of the Twentieth Century" :—

"Nearly one thousand boys," says the author, "have passed through the training ship, which is no mere hobby, but one of the best and most successful institutions for training the young and preparing them for useful and manly careers. High tributes have been received from the Admiralty and War Office as to the efficiency of the institution."

Such, then, is the work of one man. We are all of us somewhat insistently aware of the new phases of the old quarrel between riches and poverty, which is swiftly drawing to new issues. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his book ("In the Days of the Comet") has stated the case with his peculiarly brilliant subtlety of presentment, and, with a profound significance, he finds no solution save by miracle. Well, the miracle has happened—not Mr. Wells' particular miracle, but another. It is happening every day.

As the high hedges, receding, hide the tall red house, the playing fields, the scattered buildings, the slender ship resting on her own image in the still water, amid the rustling sedge and the quiet meadows, "this building and its adjuncts" are painted in the mind like a dream. But it is no dream ; and, in the remembrance, the words engraven on brass below the feet of the bronze Figure on the cross,

half hid beneath the clustering passion flowers, start forth, like the writing on the wall :—

"All sailors, soldiers, sad and suffering hearts, please will you take care of them."

XVIII.—MEDICAL.

"The Thracians wept when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world, and with reason."

THE Medical Student from the Hospital turns out of the main road down a malodorous passage (with a post at the entrance) into a quiet court with a broken pavement of rough concrete. On the left hand and across the end are mean houses; on the right is a high brick wall, along the top of which a cat obscenely loiters. Beyond the wall rise the steep red-tiled roofs, shambling chimneys, and rickety dormer windows of old, rotten houses. The Medical Student knocks at a door whose side post is inscribed with a French name. It is that of the grey-bearded, stout, old man who opens the door and greets the "doctor" cheerily. He is a cabinet-maker; the front room—whose open door reveals a litter of brown wood—serves him for workshop and living room. The atmosphere of the house is compounded of many evil savours; but the sum of them resolves into an odour of essence of tallow, thick and penetrating. Up the narrow and steep stairs goes the Medical Student, the half-open doors on every landing giving glimpses into the crowded cages of the children of poverty; knocks at a door on the third floor, opens it, and goes in. The room is about eight feet high, and (say) ten by eight in length and width; the essence of tallow is concentrated in this chamber of birth—and often of death—whose rent is four shillings and sixpence per week. The window is shut, and there is a fire burning in the hob grate. In the room, besides the patient, are the stout, stolid woman who is acting as nurse—she is a friendly neighbour, qualified

for the office by a kindly nature and a profound ignorance of its duties—another neighbour nursing a little girl, and a small boy, his cheeks red and hard to the touch, by reason of a prevalent skin disease. A low, frowsy bed occupies a third of the room; there is a pale, patient face on the pillow, a little bundle lying beside it.

"Better to-day, doctor, thank you. Yes, I took the medicine. Yes, it's my sixth child." A weazened, wrinkled, skinny little animal is the sixth child, produced for the medical eye. Being a girl it will probably live—to have other little girls of its own. The Medical Student, kindly, competent, and brisk, does what he has to do, makes certain entries in his note-book, and goes out. He and a colleague attended the woman in her confinement; to him belongs the care of the case for a space of eleven days, when the patient, who will be up and about by that time, receives her discharge from the hospital books. There she lies, day in and day out: the husband gets his own breakfast and the children's breakfast, such as it is; the neighbours come in and tend her; the two children who are not at school run in and out; the three who are at school come in again to tea; the husband comes home to his supper, which is eaten on a corner of the table which holds the wash-hand basin; then — somehow — they all sleep in that kennel. Do the husband and wife suffer? Well, you are to remember that they have long since acquired the stolid acquiescence of the animal. The children? They suffer indeed, for all young things must needs suffer for the lack of the primal necessities—good food, fresh air, quiet sleep. O, they suffer! And so many do not die.

Out again into the fresh autumn air, into the bustling main street; which ,bordered on either side with miles of the meaner sort of shops, runs wide between belts of slum. The tributary streets, rigid channels of dusky brick, run back at right angles, and turn into narrower streets, which turn again into alleys, which resolve themselves into courts. In every room in every street lives a whole family. Street

and alley and court are thronged alike with pallid, restless, noisy children. Under the feet of the passengers in the main road, playing in the gutters of the side streets, clustered about the sewer gratings in court and alley, are children, children, children. The noise of their playing and quarrelling, the clatter of their myriad feet, never cease. Many die : but the slow-footed hearse cannot keep pace with them ; they are ever coming and coming. . . . It is the same in any quarter of London, once you pass the barrier of respectability which presents its front of gentility to the main streets and thoroughfares. Always, behind that British mask of respectability, the welter of slums.

The next case lives in a room in a row of dwarf houses, whose strip of front garden is filled with some poor ruin of summer flowers. Case number two is a cleaner case. There are sheets on the bed, a toilet cover on the chest of drawers, a carpet on the floor, and the window is open. Here is the same pale, vacant face on the pillow, with the same little bundle beside it—but the contents of the bundle are better to see. "All well? That's right," says the Medical Student, closing his note-book when he has done. "Good morning." "Good morning, doctor, and thank you."

"She's a young wife, with a younger husband," remarks the Medical Student. "He's quite a boy, is the husband. The child—only the second—was 'B.B.A.'—born before arrival of doctor. They very often are. Curious how the people will put off sending till the last moment ; but they keep about till the last, you see. Now for a dirty room."

Turning into the gloomy quadrangle of a high block of model dwellings — modelled, apparently, on a prison—the doctor pauses in the dark entry to tuck his trousers inside his socks—for reasons. The outer door opens into a thick darkness, and the familiar essence of tallow, with a slightly acid tincture, this time ; another door opens into a room nearly as dark and quite as tallowy. A grey light, filtering down from the roofs high out of sight, merges into

obscurity beyond the dirty table by the window ; between the table and the invisible bed against the wall glimmers the dull red of the fire. A stout, pale, cheerful woman is sitting placidly in the dark ; her eleven days have expired ; she is well, save for the need of a "little stren'thenin' medicine, doctor," and will be discharged to-day. The baby is weighed by the careful Medical Student in a towel and a spring scale like those carried by rural postmen.

"Eight and a half pounds—who would have believed it ! You should be pleased, missis," says the Medical Student, cheerfully. "And now you won't see me any more."

"And very glad of it, too," returns the lady, with an amiable smile.

"Why, I thought you liked me to come, missis?"

"An' so I do, and thank you very much, I'm sure—but I shall be glad indeed to see the back of you," replies the lady, combining some obscurity of meaning with the same amiable smile.

And so she is left sitting stolidly in the vermin-haunted darkness, like a cow in a foul stable.

"The model dwellings are often the worst," observes the Medical Student. "Lower rent, lower class of people, you see."

Exactly. Another complexity in the housing problem. The trustees of these dwellings provide two rooms, a scullery, and conveniences, for less rent than the landlord charges for a single room in which one would decline to kennel a dog of any value. But, if the tenant will reduce his clean quarters to the same state of indescribable filth, what are you to do?

At the end of a T-shaped court four feet wide, in a room on the second floor, case number four has had seven children ; and the seventh cost her forty-three hours' travail. Will that consideration act as a deterrent in the future? Not in the least. She was resigned, and even cheerful, at the time ; she is apparently contented now, lying in the usual dingy bed against the wall, in the usual reek of tallow.

A red-covered novel lies open on the broken chair by the bedside. Mr. Max Pemberton may be gratified to learn that the work in question is called "The Iron Pirate."

There is another dingy bed with a dark red coverlet wedged in along the wall between the door and the window, wherein sleep the six children. Beside the fire sits the usual neighbour, nursing the usual little girl; another small girl and a ragged boy pervade the room; and a solid old lady in black, with a nose and chin curving towards each other, stands on the only unoccupied piece of floor, wearing an air of aggressive respectability. She is the patient's mother, and so she remains when the room is cleared of the rest. This stout old veteran tells us with unobtrusive pride that she has thirty-six grandchildren; and when the Medical Student retorts that another mother of another patient of his rejoices in ninety grandchildren, she receives the statement with silent incredulity, merely observing that she hopes that she may be "spared" to be a great-grandmother of many.

Down a court, round a passage, up a broken stair and across a landing with a hole in the floor, into the strongest essence of tallow we have yet encountered. The usual small fire, the usual cloths hanging over strings clotted with flies, the usual soil and grime and smear, rotting woodwork, festering walls. The head of a hoarse, pale woman is propped on the iron rail of the bed. She is gazing dully out of the window, where a sheet, hung out to dry, hangs in wet folds on a background of dark wall, like a winding-sheet. Seated at the table beneath the window is a small, unwholesome, yellow man. He is sharing a meal with the child on his knee. Tea in a milk-can, bread, butter, haddock, sponge, flannel, yellow soap and a dirty towel or so—with these is the table spread. In obedience to the etiquette invariably practised on these occasions, the small man vanishes swiftly, taking the child with him. The patient, it seems, has had one piece of bread and butter during the last twelve hours. She is given an order for a daily dinner. The husband is out of work.

But the pale, hoarse woman on the bed, staring dully at the heavy white folds of the winding-sheet, makes no complaint. Going out, the Medical Student passes the small unwholesome yellow husband leaning against a post, pipe in mouth. There is something in his attitude which suggests that he spends much of his time in the same slouching occupation.

The day's visiting is done, and the Medical Student feels a certain desire for a bath. But, there are many worse places than those on his list in London town.

Through the barrier again, on the polite side thereof—the whited side—going City-wards down Fleet Street, the level autumn sun behind us. The glittering, many-spotted street, the tall houses half clothed in shadow and half in golden radiance, ascends beyond the dark bar, set with gold, of the railway bridge, to the piled magnificence of St. Paul's, whose sunlit columns and floating dome are jutted upon by the black spire of Saint Martin's Ludgate, and veiled for a passing moment by a plumed white wreath of smoke. . . . Here is the splendid semblance of our London ; and the golden cross that flames on the tiptop of the crested dome, looks far and wide over the vast plain of dusky roofs ; where, out of sight, busy, irresistible, pitiless, the Wheel ever turns and turns, flinging wider and wider the tainted circles of ignoble life ; multiplying, hour by hour, the number of the foredoomed children of the poor. There, in the immitigable law of reproduction, lies the central factor of the problem ; blink it as you may.

XIX.—SURGICAL.

"The permanently mobilised army which is always in action, always under fire against death."

THERE is one benefit, unique of its kind, which is free to the poor. It is nothing less than the highest skill in the art of healing. Every day, men and women and children are hurt or maimed or crushed by sudden accident. Every day, the secret invasion of that unseen force which is ever working to transmute the living organism, and gradually to change it into what we call death, is dreadfully discovered. Science (which is but a name for the knowledge of natural laws), after incredible labours, has taught men how, by the ingenious employment of nature's own methods, not only to heal or to alleviate suffering, but to check and turn aside—at the steel's point—the very processes of dissolution. By the profound knowledge of the scholar, welded to the artist's dexterity, is this miracle daily performed by the surgeon. You shall see a great artist at work.

Within the entrance door of the hospital, the visitor is aware of another world from the vague and noisy welter of the streets without. It has its own atmosphere, a faint and pungent aroma of antiseptic chemicals. There is a sober hush upon the place, a sense as of grave issues impending. The careless futilities, the stir and turmoil and strife are all laid aside. The rows of quiet faces on the pillows, that pass into view through the open doors of the long wards, as you ascend the stairs, know them no more for a time, or, perhaps, for ever. Here, life looks death in the eyes. For some, death draws nearer and nearer, through the long hours, until only the figure of the surgeon, kind and impenetrable and courageous, stands between.

Below, in the sterilising chamber, every cloth and dressing and bandage, and the surgeons' and the nurses' linen overalls, are being prepared for the operation. They are sorted into perforated metal drums and square cases, which are stacked into huge boilers, into which steam is driven at a certain pressure for a certain time. Then, the perforations being closed by a sliding shutter, the drums and cases are sent into the operating theatre, their contents being ready for use. All the instruments are subjected to the same process. From an adjoining chamber warmed and purified air is pumped into the theatre. Four or five nurses have been at work for some six hours preparing every detail ready to hand for some hours' strenuous business, during which there must be no mistake—no mistake at all—no delay, and no confusion.

The patient is lifted from his bed in the ward and laid upon a wheeled carriage, which is conveyed upstairs in the lift, and thence into the anæsthetic room, adjoining the operating theatre. A doctor sits at the patient's head, and begins to administer the anæsthetic. He is so quiet, so perfectly composed, and so entirely and obviously knows his business, that his mere presence is steadying to the patient, as the cap is placed over his face, and the bag pulsates with his breathing.

Next door, in the white chamber, fitted with spacious wash-basins, the great surgeon is taking off his coat. He hangs it outside the room, and puts on a sterilised white overall, like a surplice, and a nurse ties the strings at the back of his neck. So endued, the great man irresistibly suggests a bishop. He is, indeed, a High Priest—but of another ministry. The assistant surgeon also attires himself in a white overall. Both men roll up their sleeves. So does the young house surgeon. Then all three wash and scrub and rinse their hands, again and again. Then they draw on tight india-rubber gloves.

The soft-footed nurses, who are also clad in white overalls, and who have rolled their sleeves to the shoulder, pass noiselessly to and fro, making the final disposition of cases

of instruments, basins, and glass bowls of pale blue disinfectant. Three or four doctors enter, change their coats for overalls, and engage in subdued talk with the great surgeon. They have come to see him perform, as a master craftsman.

The operating theatre has a wide and high north light, like a studio. The walls are tiled, the ceiling is painted glistening white, the floor is laid in mosaic. The students' gallery is faced in white marble, and the guard-rails are of polished brass. In the centre of the room is the operating-table, whose top is a sheet of burnished copper, and which is fitted with wheels and levers to raise and lower and incline. At the foot of the table and round the walls are ranged glass-topped tables bearing basins and bowls and instruments, dressings and chemicals, each in its appointed place. There are three or four nurses, each of whom knows precisely what she has to do, and exactly when to do it.

The patient, who is now wholly unconscious, is wheeled in from the anæsthetic room adjoining. A rod is run through loops in the bedding on which he lies, on each side, he is lifted bodily upon the operating table, and the bed is wheeled out. The nurses are busy about the helpless figure, and the anæstheticist sits at its head, his hand upon the covering that fits over the face. A glass table stands at his elbow, bearing certain little bottles. From one, he now and again shakes a few drops upon the covering that hides the patient's face, save the chin and a patch of darkly flushed temple. In this clean white shrine, in which the surgeon is about to pit his skill and science and tried resolution against no less an enemy than death himself, there is perfect quiet and absolute order. There are no instructions issued—there is no need for them. The forces are drilled to perfection.

In the antechamber, the great surgeon, adjusting his gloves, ends the story he is telling. His face becomes grave, the eyes suddenly alert. He walks into the theatre, together with the assistant surgeon and the house surgeon,

and followed by the doctors. He takes his place at one side of the prone figure ; the assistant surgeon stands on the other side, the house surgeon, with three or four nurses, at the foot, beside the semi-circle of glass tables which carry implements and apparatus. The surgeon takes a little shining knife, and begins. He is perfectly cool and unhurried, and every deft manipulation is characterised by the same unfaltering decision. The various instruments which he requires seem to arrive in his hand by magic. As he works, the assistant surgeon clips the ends of arteries with long steel clips. There is hardly any effusion of blood. No one says anything at all. The nurses beside the glass tables are all quietly busy, handing this, receiving that, exactly at the right moment. Presently there is a pause. The great surgeon, his face a little upturned, his eyes on vacancy, his mouth tightening, his right hand feeling—feeling. He has a picture in his head, clear to the least detail of anatomy, and his fingers are following that picture. The whole scene is for the moment curiously ecclesiastical—the upraised countenance of the high priest, the white vestments, the grave, attentive faces all looking one way, the silence. . . . The next moment it is broken up ; the great surgeon, his agile, sure fingers at work again, looks round and explains what he has found, in a sentence or two. A word, and an electric lamp is held over the cavity in that dark house of life, while he completes his work. Then with, pliers and curved needles, both surgeons begin to stitch. "Tell the next case to be ready," says the great man. He draws out the last needle, lays it on the glass table, and walks away. Within twenty minutes he has explored the patient's interior mechanism, found a something that clogged it, removed that something, cleansed the machinery, and sewn up the incision. The nurses are again busy about the still figure, preparing it for its removal to the ward. All the while, the anæsthetic ist, his watchful fingers busy about the helpless head and face, has sat there, with composed and vigilant face.

Now he rises, and within the next ten minutes he is sitting there as before, at the head of another still figure.

Thrice again does the great surgeon perform the same miracle which — unlike some other miracles — comes off. Four duels, with death as protagonist, does he fight that afternoon, in the dizzying, fume-laden atmosphere, under concentrated pressure. Then he goes quietly away. There are many chances to one that within three weeks or a month those prone figures will be out again in the sunshine, alive and well. To how many homes does the surgeon bring unutterable relief from the great dread—to how many does he secure years of happiness? His rewards, measured in money, are often great ; and who would not heap him with wealth, if that were all? But he is debited with a score of gratitude that can never be paid—the gratitude of the poor.

XX.—CULTURE.

"'Mind and matter,' said the lady in the wig, 'glide swiftly into the vortex of immensity. Howls the sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of Imagination. To hear it, sweet it is. But then, outlaughs the stern philosopher, and saith to the Grotesque, What ho! arrest for me that Agency. Go, bring it here! And so the vision fadeth.'"

THE lecturer, who would seem to be of foreign extraction, shakes hands at the door with each of his extremely select audience, as she—for they are nearly all ladies—arrives at the door of the lecture-room. The grace of the ceremony is a little marred by the pre-occupation of the lecturer, who, for reasons known only to himself, is excessively anxious to discover the representatives of the Press, before they enter the hushed chamber of philosophy. A gigantic and magnificent footman, in powder and plush small-clothes, ushers the distinguished audience to their seats.

The majority are late. "I suppose," says one silken lady to her neighbour in furs, "he said a quarter to so that we should all be here by a quarter-past." But she knew, and we all knew, that the lecturer would be delighted to welcome these humble seekers after truth at any hour. The carpeted room, with the marble mantelpiece and the palms on the platform, was filled from side to side, and the assiduous footman had to place chairs in the doorway and out into the hall. The sibilant chatter subsided into a reverent silence as the lecturer mounted the platform.

"Your Highness, your Grace—ladies and gentlemen." This is an impressive opening, indeed; but the lecturer—modest man—makes nothing of it. He is used to it. We all pretend we are used to it, also. "The subject for the

day is 'Plato's Idea of the Relation of Body to Spirit.'" The speaker then tactfully explained that Plato, far from being a difficult or an esoteric author, was in the habit of directing his discourses to plain gentlemen, men of the world, persons of affairs—like Glaucon or Ariston, says the lecturer, carelessly. The inference is that we (like Glaucon and Ariston) are wholly competent to apprehend the sage. But it now appears that we are all "agitated by problems." Are we? We don't look like it. True; but the English are a reserved nation.

We are all (proceeds the lecturer) agitated concerning the problems of (say) education and—and, in fact, national life. There is an immense, stolid, fresh-faced clergyman who seems particularly gratified by this generous assumption. The rest of the audience are merely rigid—respectfully rigid. As we are agitated, the lecturer goes on to explain that Plato, rightly understood, may, in fact, will, supply "a handle to the knife with which we may attack the concrete"—which is satisfying, if obscure. The speaker illustrates this point. Many quite ordinary ladies and gentlemen, says he, can, and do, compose beautiful melodies; but "they can't put the bass." Only the great composer can do that, it seems. Now, Plato puts the bass. It is for us to put the melody. And there you are, all complete. Life is now an intelligible business. Apply the resultant composition to the problems that agitate, and they will be resolved. ("You wouldn't," says Ernest in the play, "have me eat muffins in an agitated manner?")

"Now," demands the lecturer firmly, "what did Plato say about matter?" Apparently he had no notion of the value of matter. He disdained it. He said it was of secondary importance. He said it was "low." He regarded not the beauty of the female body—which, said the lecturer, parenthetically, really was very beautiful — nor the "power" of the male body. Therefore we say to Plato, "Now, look here, Plato, what is it that you really mean?" Plato is understood to reply, in effect, that the most perfect state will be that in which the philosopher is king, and the

king philosopher. That remarkable utterance, said the lecturer, is Plato's great title to glory. Why? Because it was a prophecy, fulfilled in the existence of the Roman Catholic Church. This is a little startling, but no one is startled. We are here to learn. The lecturer admitted that the Catholic Church " was not quite perfect "—still, it came as near perfection as might reasonably be expected —a " very close *rapprochement*." Plato, we begin to see, was a great man. He made nothing of demolishing the theories of other philosophers. He " sneered " at the " atoms of Democritus." " What," he says, " are your atoms? "

Still, we are to remember that the Greeks, despite Plato's " disdain " of matter, had " an excessive bodily beauty." The lecturer supported this statement by a quotation from a Chinese encyclopædia, and that point was clearly settled. " Humanity," continued the speaker, " is infinitely superior to anything else in nature—that, I am afraid, is true." Why was he afraid? We do not know, especially as the lecturer went on to point out that " he is *par excellence* spirit—not *par excellence* body." Somewhat inconsistently, he proceeded to argue that, as matter did not exist, or only, as it were, partially, we could not understand man, because you cannot understand the non-existent. Still less, it seems, can you understand a plant. The lecturer was able to conceive it possible that someone, some day, might understand Napoleon ; but no one would ever understand the humble violet. These truths were forgotten in the last century. A great wave of materialism swept over the world. Huxley, Darwin, and Haeckel—to name but these —were responsible for this disaster. There was even a German scientist—the word itself was a " horrible neologism "—who sank so low as to affirm that " man is what he is." The lecturer, it would seem, implied that if the German scientist had said that man is what he is not, he would have had the authority of Plato at his learned back. It was Plato, also, who inspired the early Christian Fathers with their disdain, dislike, contempt, abhorrence, and dis-

gust of the human body—even of the female human body, which, said the lecturer, though the most beautiful of all bodies, they regarded as " the taproot of evil."

What we had now to do was to apply the Platonic teaching—to make it a living thing. Let us apply it to the problems of the day. Let us apply it, for instance, to Christian Science. The lecturer did so, at some length, and in the upshot " Plato was seen to smile." Let us now apply it, to (say) phrenology. Again we applied it in detail, and again Plato was seen to smile, and he was also heard to remark that since his time there had been mighty little progress. Let us now apply the Platonic idea to the influence of climate on character. This would be a useful subject for discussion. If climate was proved to affect character, then matter acted on spirit, and—so it would appear—the Platonic idea would be exploded. If not, not. In other words, is matter existent, or non-existent?

The lecturer sat down, amid respectful applause. No one seeming eager to begin the discussion, he rose again to announce that, referring to some letters he had received, he was glad to say that one lady was perfectly right in her explanation of the existence of Shakespeare ; and another in stating that in the case of expatriated persons, " the universal acted upon them in a troubled medium." This was eminently satisfactory ; and so encouraging that a gentleman with a foreign accent was moved to ask, " How about French Canadians? " After some disjointed discussion — during which a gentleman who cried " Imperialism " was politely ignored—it appeared that French Canadians were still French because they lived—so to speak—with one another. Plato was vindicated, because the climate had not caused them to forget their own language. We then, by the same devious route, arrived at the conclusion that the negro had precisely the same intellect as the white man—climate again defeated, and Plato once more triumphant. And so on, to the end.

Outside, the long array of motor-cars received their occupants ; who, from out lordly mansions and great ease,

had thus stepped down to get knowledge, and learn wisdom, I say that such action denotes a beautiful humility. The fact that they were in that room at all, implied that they knew nothing, and knew that they knew it. And if that is not humility, what is? "And so the vision fadeth!"

XXI.—SPORT.

" Fools, they are the only nation
Worth men's envy or admiration ;
Free from care or sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry-making."

TENS of thousands pouring steadily through the Palace Station all day : artisans, miners, warehousemen, clerks, shopmen, labourers, soldiers, sailors ; thousands blackening the green grass of the Palace grounds. This is not a Bank holiday crowd. Nor does it carry along with it the characteristics of a race gathering. It is a serious business they are about to-day. It is the Cup-tie. If there is anything more serious in life than sport is to the north-countryman that thing has yet to be discovered. Among a hundred thousand or more, there must needs be a few who have taken their liquor unawares. I desire to be strictly accurate. I saw only two. They were asleep under a fir tree, and nothing but dynamite would have moved them. I regret to add that they slept throughout the match which they had travelled two or three hundred miles to see.

A vast amphitheatre, banked about with faces, solid, even slopes of mottled pink, ringed with trees just flushed with green, roofed with the grey and broken sky, and floored with shaven turf—that is the picture. All between the ropes and the lowest tier of seats is a moving mass of people. The whole air is jagged with the north-country accent, through which the strains of the band fitfully penetrate.

A pair of mountebanks come leaping through the crowd ; the one in the black and white of Newcastle, with a pick on his shoulder, the other in the blue and white of Everton, and both twirling huge parti-coloured umbrellas. There

is something that utterly bewilders in the contemplation of those still dark-pink watching hills of faces. It is remarkable that no one person considers himself as a part of the crowd. Each one instinctively, as it were, in self-defence, clings to his identity. He thinks of himself as one unit ; and of the crowd, deducting himself from it, as another unit. But the most remarkable aspect of the immense multitude is its universal good temper. We are all sportsmen to-day. Presently the whole multitude is seated, and the space about the ropes is clear.

A—h—h ! A moment, and the level turf is sprinkled over with powerful, lithe men in black-and-white striped shirts and shirts of violet blue. The teams are on the ground. A vast ripple spreads over the banked faces, upon which extended umbrellas, white and blue and white and black, suddenly appear like agitated mushrooms. There is a great wave of cheering, suddenly subsiding as two of the opposing teams stand together in the centre of the ground and toss for ends. Everton wins. The Everton team have the wind and sun at their backs. The men scatter to their places, and the contest has begun.

Thenceforward, to one unskilled in the points of the game, the arena is a battlefield in which brawny men run to and fro with astonishing swiftness, collide with an impact that flings one head over heels to pick himself up like a cat, and kick the ball in the act of rising ; in which the ball, travelling through a high parabola, alights infallibly upon a head placed precisely at the one spot in the universe, at the one second of time at which ball and head could possibly meet, and so bounds from head to head, the men leaping four feet in air, the whole length of the field ; in which, of two men racing madly side by side, one juggles the ball from the other with the skill of a conjurer ; in which, among men kicking their own height at a falling ball, one receives a boot on the side of his head, and betrays not the least emotion ; in which the ball, flying into the goal from out a whirling knot of legs and arms, is struck by the goalkeeper over the bar behind him, and the audience roars,

and the roar dies down, and from here and there a single voice rings hoarsely, and silence falls as the game begins again.

But to one who came to see the crowd as well as the game—always with that singular snobbish reservation of being in it, but not of it—what is most notable is not the noise but the silence of the crowd. Those thousands and thousands of eyes follow every shift and slightest incident of the game. Those thousands and thousands of keen sportsmen know each player and tell over his record and reckon his capacities. He is their representative. He is fighting for their town, and very likely for their money too, but for their town before all. This is really not a gladiatorial show, as many worthy persons ignorantly suppose, but a display of intense local patriotism. And these patriots for the most part play the game themselves, or have played it—not a doubt of that. True, the men who are fighting for their respective towns are paid professionals, which is a pity. But the point is, you could not maintain the finest talent without paying for it. And now both sides are keeping silence, bent on seeing that the game is played fairly and without interruption. There have been exceptions, of course, but the principle is there.

Half-time. No goal scored on either side. Everton men gloomy because their chaps have not scored, though wind and sun were in their favour ; Newcastle men sombre because their chaps have been hardly pressed. Once more. Again the flying ball, the leaping men, the tremendous kicking of the backs, with a sounding slap, and the ball soaring nearly the length of the ground, a race on the wings, a huddle of struggling men—a goal to Everton. The banked crowd rises in long waves, and roars with a fusillade of clapping, and as suddenly subsides into intense vigilance as the game starts again. Another vast heaving of the pink slopes, and another great noise—an interval of frantic play on both sides—and the whistle goes. All is done. Everton has the Cup !

The banks disintegrate and flow down upon the level,

and close about the players, and the whole mass surges upon the pavilion. A pause, a voice speaking, then a blue-shirted man is hoisted aloft, holding up a great silver cup, this way and that, and is again swallowed up amid cheering. "No doubt but the best team won it," said everybody. Home again, hundreds of miles, victors and vanquished alike imperturbably jovial. They went back, as they came, singing or sound asleep.

Now, is there another country can show the like? And if we can do these things for our towns—and grim, oppressive, murky, grinding towns they are—cannot we do the like for the larger issue? Football is a fine sport, no doubt; but one must needs reflect that it would be even finer if the professional element were abolished, and that the thousands of pounds which are yearly expended in maintaining the professional games' clubs might be used in a better game still. What are the lads waiting for? Do they want a better lead than Lord Roberts has given them?

XXII.—THE YACHT RACE.

" But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding."

"Up mainsail!" The group of men about the mast bend and haul together. "Aho! Aha! Walk her up! Aho! Aha!" The vast expanse of canvas rises majestically from the boom, fold upon fold, the topman standing on the gaff, and rising with it, until the great sail fills the whole prospect, and the topman, high in air, swings agile as a monkey amid the intricacy of ropes. This is the day of the great race, and the first-class racing cutter is putting to sea.

The captain, a spare, bearded figure, with deep-set eyes, brooding yet vigilant, glowing under tufted eyebrows, stands beside the wheel, contemplating the sailors that hurry among the litter of sails and cordage, with a superb composure. Up goes the jackyard, the huge sail fitting fanwise between the top of the mainsail and the topmast. Its yard needs four men to lift it; but when it is hoisted, and set a hundred and twenty odd feet from the deck, it looks little and delicate like a toy. The foresail is broken out, the stops, the light cords that bind the furled sail, snapped and flying into the air. The yacht begins to travel smoothly down the tide towards the mouth of the river. On either hand, and astern, other racing vessels are shaking out their sails, or gliding beneath a pyramid of canvas.

The sky to windward clears to a clean blue as the piled wrack is blown away, and the nearer shore is mistily illumined. The radiance broadens, until the sailing boats,

far and near, are turned to ships of pearl, and the broad water flashes in full sunshine. The shores recede and grow dim, and a tang of open water stings the nostrils. Ahead, a squat, red lightship is rolling slightly on the long swell, and away to the right the committee steamer lies waiting. Between the two vessels is drawn the imaginary line from which the race must start.

The full-sailed boats hover uneasily near, like moths about a candle ; drawing nearer, shooting back, crossing and re-crossing. Our two rivals are now on this side, now on that. Now one crosses our bows ; again, we sheer alongside another. She rounds the lightship and goes about. Then we round the lightship and go about. The crowd of lesser craft, which sail in the second race, are gliding hither and thither a little way off. It is a matter of minutes before the starting gun. We round the lightship again, and glide within the line. The captain swiftly turns the wheel ; there is a sudden swerve, a shouting of orders, a rushing of men to the ropes—a frenzied endeavour on the part of the spectators to see everything at once—the muffled detonation of a gun. We are off !

One of the rival boats draws a little ahead ; the other keeps much on a level. All are running free, with spinnakers set, so that each has a vast wing stretched on either side. The blustering wind of the early morning has slackened, and the sun burns in an unclouded sky. The yacht slips along through the beaded, coiling water in a silence that is stirred only by the tapping of a wire rope against the hollow steel boom. The hands lie crouched on either side the deck, ready to the ropes. The owner and his guests repose right astern, behind the wheel. Now and again the captain shouts an order, and the recumbent sailors leap instantly to action, and again subside.

The yacht sailing on the beam moves upon a column of light that is interfused with her darker reflection. Against the sunshine and the hot, bright sky her curving sails are hued grain-yellow, merging into coloured shadows as of amethyst and sapphire, glimmering with lights of mellow

gold. Astern, the smaller vessels are spread in a wide arc upon a shimmering brightness of sea and sky, like moving pavilions, whose billowing folds are delicately washed in tinctures of shining grey and silver, and the opalescence of the sparkling sea ; and, beyond, the sky is veiled in wisps of fleecy lawn. So, we speed imperceptibly, and yet seem motionless, suspended in a dream.

But the sea-levels are suddenly roughened, and a cool air blows, and the sunlight dims, and the great sails are hauled in a little. One of our rivals has glided further ahead ; the other hangs on the port beam for a while, then she also forges ahead. The leading vessel rounds a light-ship and sweeps away, her tall canvas shape, pointed like a sword, leaning far over. Several minutes later, we round the tossing red vessel, with the wire-covered globes atop of her masts, and—in the memory it seems but a moment—we are beating up against a head wind and a rising sea. The sheets are hauled taut, and the boat heels over, until the water foams along the rail, and you cannot sit on the deck without sliding, unless you get a hold. The men are all lying up to windward, their heads level with the low rail.

Lying thus on your back, the eye travels up and up the great expanse of canvas, that cuts so clean a line upon the blue, and it is like surveying a wide field as you sit against the hedge. As the wind strengthens, the topmast quivers ever so little, a noise like thunder rattles in the foresail, and now and again the sea strikes the bows, a heavy vibrating blow, and spray flies over the slanting decks. The mate, crouching forward, attentive to the jibsheets, never turns his head or moves when a sea breaks over him. He sits imperturbable and visibly dripping.

And now remark the captain, who is in sole command of the intricate machine of steel and wood and canvas, launched and flying amid a riot of wind and sea. Leaning forward upon a knee, braced upon a leg to the cant of the streaming deck, his face is quiet like a picture, as he handles the wheel.

So we forge along, hour after hour, through the hissing

seas. Now and again a jib-topsail is lowered, and another is hoisted in its place and sheeted home. "Aho-aha! Walk her in, boys! All together!" Now and again the captain shouts an order, and the prone, wet men scramble to the ropes. "Up to wind'ard again, sonnies — up to wind'ard," says the captain; and once more they lie in a row against the rail. And at intervals: "Lee—O!" the furious hauling at the ropes, the swift turn of the vessel, the cascading water, and again the rail rushing under through leaping seas. And all the time, save when he lends a hand, the owner lies up to windward against the rail, wet, bareheaded, serenely happy.

Sometimes the yacht ahead seems to be nearer, sometimes further away; while the other boat now overhauls us, and again passes close astern as she goes about on the other tack, showing her red underbody like a wallowing fish, as she heels far over. She is racing neck and neck with us; and so, for the matter of that, is the leading boat, for she has to give a time allowance. As for the smaller boats of the second race, they are left behind and lost to sight in the driving spume.

It is late afternoon, and the long curve of the weather rail darkens upon a wild sunset, shot with flying gleams of sunlight. "Lee—O!" Round she goes, and there are the shining field of angry sea, flecked with white, and the clustered town upon the dim foreland, and far ahead, the tall spectre of the leading yacht, swift flitting into twilight. She rounds the last lightship and is gone.

The vague bulk of coast upon the starboard hand slides past, and beyond the foreland glimmer white scarps of cliff. A sailor, knee-deep in water, heaves the lead, deftly swinging the weight forward. Another hand, kneeling beside the shrouds, catches the line as it is dragged astern, He checks it, and hauls it in. He has a fresh pink face, his fair hair plastered wet on his forehead, and one eye that seems ever to be taking aim at something, while the other is half shut. "Quarter less five," he sings.

"Lee—O," calls the captain. The leadsman chucks the

line across the deck as it tips up, and the owner, sliding across to take a hand on the jib-sheets, slips on the line, and slides half overboard, the rushing torrent taking him to the knees. He catches at the fore-sheet and saves himself.

If any one must fall overboard, the owner had best be that person, since the rules compel the captain to stop, if a man fall overboard, and to try to pick him up. The delay would lose the race, or, at any rate, spoil it. There was once a captain who warned his owner to be careful where he sat. The owner disregarded that counsel, and toppled overboard. The captain shouted to the vessel next astern to pick that silly person up as—said he—for himself, he had no time to stop.

It is a question of two or three minutes, now. The leading ship must have passed the line. Our other rival is tacking level with us. Yonder is the last lightship. We cannot reach her with what is, I believe, called a long leg —we must tack again, and yet again. It is deep water close under the scarred white cliffs, and we sweep inwards till the little stones on the beach are plain to see, and then we go about.

The captain, still wholly imperturbable, glances aloft, glances ahead. Can he fetch the lightship next time he goes about? If he can, he will gain on our rival, who must make another tack. "Lee—O!" Round she goes, and over she heels, till the water boils half-way up the deck. The lightship rushes nearer and nearer — we can round her — here she is! Her square stern is bobbing within a few feet of the sail, and a group of men is seen for a passing moment. They are all shouting. "Fourteen minutes!" The leading ship passed fourteen minutes ago. We are that space of time behind. But, according to the time allowance, we have three or four minutes in hand. The other craft is safely astern.

A long leg, a short leg, another long leg, and there is the mark-boat. Round we go, and the gun booms. Instantly the yacht rises and poises herself upon a nearly even keel,

like a creature at last released from an intolerable strain. So, we glide into the harbour, where lies the leading vessel, her masts already bare, the men snugging the sails.

The race had lasted nearly eight hours. For between nine and ten hours the captain had not quitted the wheel, save for two or three minutes at a time. The anchor down, he walks forward, his face sharpened and set, his eyes, red-rimmed, retired deep into his head, but wholly imperturbable still. He has won a hard race of over fifty miles by two minutes and a fraction.

XXIII.—MARGATE.

"Nor can it touch but of arrogant ignorance, to hold this or that nation barbarous, these or those times gross, considering how this manifold creature, man, wheresoever he stand in the world, hath always some disposition of worth, entertains and affects that order of society which is best for his use, and is eminent for some one thing or other that fits his humour and the times."

IT is the Saturday before Bank Holiday, and all the world is moving out. The two big steamers below London Bridge are crammed, from rail to rail, with a speckled mass of humanity and luggage. It is not yet nine o'clock, when they cast off ; but the steep ways leading down to the pier between tall warehouses are littered with people who cannot get aboard. They sit resignedly on portmanteaus, and feed their children out of paper bags, waiting on events. They are bound for Margate, and goodness knows when they will get there. So brief a holiday, and the hours already slipping away, and here they are—a pathetic spectacle.

Down at Margate, there are hundreds of happy, bare-legged children playing on the sand. Scores of family groups are assembled there, among the bathing-machines and the donkeys, and the men in white caps selling eatables. The esplanade runs left and right, and there, sparkling in the broad sunlight, are the curved stone jetty and the little lighthouse, and the cliff rising beyond. There is a strong tendency to saunter, hatless, and arm-in-arm with a friend or two, up and down the esplanade. Having bathed, there is nothing else to do whatever, except to have your photograph taken, for which achievement an artist is available every three or four yards. But, then, no one wants to do anything else. Here are sun and air and society, and—above all—freedom from London.

A cloud glooms above the cliff ; the sun is blotted out ; and there is a violent rush of rain. Inside three minutes the sands are swept clear, save for deserted chairs. One solitary man is left conspicuous. He was dressing his small boy, who had been bathing, when the rain plumped upon them. A forlorn and streaming figure, he is desperately striving to clothe the child and dry him, and to use a hammock chair as an umbrella, all at once. Then the sun shines out, and cheerful people with clinging garments paddle home to lunch.

The steamer from London is late. The pier-head is crowded with people awaiting their relatives, and with other people whose holiday is done, and who must steam away home again. Here are mothers of families, with bags and bundles and more children than one can count ; portentous, knock-kneed youths in knickerbockers ; cheerful young women who sit on a rail and swing high-heeled shoes, the while they converse with elegant young men ; and the inevitable, red-faced, elderly gentleman morosely smoking a cigar encircled by a gilt paper band.

The steamer draws alongside, and every one presses to the railings at the pier-head.

" Where's father? I don't see father."

" He's setting down, most prob'ly. Trust father to make himself comfortable. Why, there he is ! And uncle ! " Shrill cries of greeting, and frantic waving to indistinguishable figures in the dense crowd aboard.

The holiday people surge slowly up the steps and mingle with the multitude, the while the homeward-bound voyagers struggle down other steps, laden with bags and bundles and boxes and children. They have been waiting for two hours ; they have had no lunch ; they are harassed and encumbered and crowded ; yet all are perfectly good humoured.

" Where's our Johnny? There he is with mother. All right, Johnny. Jenny, you keep with auntie. Give me one of them bags, and I'll carry the child, too."

Johnny and Jenny are lost among a forest of legs, pushed and hustled and trampled on, despite all precaution. Johnny, attired in a blue plush suit and a white falling collar, is hoisted on a friendly shoulder, while his grandmother holds her own in front. She is a brown, sturdy old lady, and she carries a bag of incredible weight, without apparent distress. Her married daughter follows, carrying Jenny, three bags, and a paper parcel. Then comes auntie, carrying another child, leading a fourth, and also laden to the dust with luggage. The courage and endurance of the family is amazing. No cabs for them. When they travel, they carry the whole of their possessions. Aboard the boat, they encamp on a seat, and immediately begin to partake of the refreshments which are contained in the paper bags. Nearly every one is eating out of paper bags. The mere fact of sitting on the deck of a steamer seems to excite their appetite. Besides, eating keeps the children quiet.

The boat casts off, and happy Margate, with its huddled houses and bright, crowded sands and white-painted pier, slides astern. We are a quiet assembly on board to-day, partly because there are very few young men among the passengers, and partly because our holidays are done.

The stout old gentleman sitting to windward ties a silk handkerchief over his old wife's head, and wraps her in a fur jacket. She peers mournfully through spectacles from under the handkerchief. I think this couple are French. The old boy sits hatless until his bald head cannot bear the sun and spray any longer, when he ties knots in his handkerchief and makes a cap of it, a loose end tickling his nose. He grins, lights a pipe, and settles himself for the afternoon.

There is an innocent, wholesome pair of young lovers who have escaped from relatives to a place apart. He is stealthily holding her hand, the while she insensibly leans upon him. He is a fair-haired, square-faced boy of eighteen or twenty; she, a pretty, graceful creature, with a pleasant, kind face. The trouble of these two is that the

rest of the party *will* come and talk to *them*. There are another girl, slender and black-haired and cheery, and two younger maidens. One or other is always running up to the lovers. They watch their chance and slip away to another resting-place. They are not annoyed—they are much too good-natured and too fond of the others to be angry. But they get no peace until one of the little girls turns a dreadful yellow, and collapses upon her black-haired sister's shoulder.

"She's always like that," says the black-haired one, cheerfully. "She's like it in a train—just as bad."

What is that large pink disk resting upright on the end of the bench yonder? It is the bald head of a stout gentleman who has fallen sound asleep, end-on to the spectator. Opposite to him, lying side by side on a luggage trolley, are an elderly lady and gentleman, also slumbering, their upturned faces scorching in the sun to a lively crimson.

Sitting to leeward, on a trunk, is a lady who, in some indefinable respect, differs singularly from her surroundings. She has a thin, aquiline face, touched by the sun, and a quantity of light hair, much streaked with grey. Her blue eyes have a curious, intent look, that is fixed for a moment or two, and then suddenly glances away. Her dress is of some floating light material, conveying a general impression of loose ends and frills. One of the men in the service of the company that owns the boat, who is shifting luggage, bangs down a box close beside the lady. "Mind your face, my girl," says this refined official to the poor, startled woman. She glances about her with that scared look, and takes refuge in a corner beneath the bridge. Who is she? What is she? We shall never know. Life is but a game of hide-and-seek.

Off the starboard bow lies the red lightship of the Nore, and the low hills close in on either hand. Cargo-boats, black-hulled to the water-line, and red-sailed barges are coming down with the tide. We are in the river now, the

wide waterway that leads into the heart of the immense wilderness of London. Astern, the lucent water ripples into a great, dim field of sea, speckled here and there with ships, and a whitening glint of sails. Ahead, the black figure of a schooner under full sail is graven upon a shining mist, or vapour, that drifts across a radiance of gold. The low shore, meadow and tree and red-roofed barn, lie bathed in that transparent effulgence of the declining sun. Nearer hand, a little yacht slides past, and the broad water is set with tiny sails. So peaceful is this silent avenue to the dark and roaring city, this gentle flood shining and bubbling between the solitary expanse of fields, all bathed in a benignant amplitude of light, lulled into a profound serenity.

But the town draws nearer and nearer. The light insensibly darkens. The sleepers on deck awake, and get to their feet, and blink at the prospect. Here is Tilbury, the pier a solid mass of waiting passengers. Now for the beginning of strife.

Grandmother clutched Johnny, a friendly man took her bag—it bowed him to the ground—mother took Jenny and an incredible weight of baggage, auntie took the rest. So, through the crowd, and along the roofed passage, to the train for London. The ticket collector told each person, as he struggled past, not to get into the train. No one knows why. Probably the ticket man, in the stress of crowds, had lost his reason — and small wonder. The friendly man, by extraordinary exertions, conveyed the grandmother to a carriage. She was about to enter, when a huge, filthy, hulking brute of a workman shoved her aside. The friendly man lost his temper. He collared the brute, who only saved himself from being flung on his back by catching at the framework of the carriage.

"Who are you a-clawing of?" he demanded, with fury. "I'll teach you to come a-clawing of me!"

"Come out, and I'll teach you manners," said his assailant, who was busy packing grandmother and the rest into the next carriage. But, sad to say, the other declined

the invitation, and another opportunity for teaching a little common civility was lost for ever.

In an adjoining carriage, a thin lady, with a flushed face, was in a high state of indignation. "I don't know if my luggage is in or not," she said. "Let them not put it in—that's all! I'll sue them, I will! I'll get every penny back, same as I did from the South-Western. Look at the way we've been treated! Waiting two hours on the pier, and never had the decency to tell us the boat would be late, so that we could get a bit of lunch, and then hustled and crowded, and no one to say where we were to go—I call it disgraceful. I shall write to the papers."

A weary man in the corner hazarded an observation to the effect "they was treating people all of a pack, like, being so crowded."

"Never no more steamers for me," said the lady; "such treatment I never saw and will not stand. I was feeling so unwell I had to go down into the saloon and drink a glass of brandy and lay down. That reminds me—I never read the paper, though I bought it."

She waxed confidential over some mysterious transactions connected with tram tickets. Each one began to talk at once.

A little girl sitting beside the wayfarer looked up at him and smiled. "What funny people these elders are!" That was what she was thinking. Her round freckled face, and clear blue eyes, and little white teeth, and her artless chatter, refreshed like a charm.

"Yes, we've been a fortnight at Margate, and I don't much mind going home; not very much. We don't live in London; we live at Purfleet. In the street where the big clock is—you know. I've got five weeks more holiday. I have! Seven weeks altogether—isn't it a long time? I don't mind school. I like it. There's not only lessons, ordinary lessons, you know, but we learn about bot'ny, and insects, and flowers, and frogs—awfully int'resting. I learn dancing, too."

Her mother, a tall, prim lady with a frosty grey eye, peered nervously round the elbow of the seat, but she did not arrest our little conversation. Presently the two got out, and vanished in the thickening twilight.

A long bright bar of sunset shone beyond the appalling desert of East-end degradation, as the train crawled across the roofs. The net was closing in upon us, and the night was falling.

XXIV.—THE GENERAL.

"He's called the General from the dash and craft
And skill with which he sneaks a bit of road."

THE driver, rolling leisurely out of the yard, appeared to consider his boots with a scrupulous attention. He was a fresh-faced man, of a portly habit. He wore a dust-coloured coat with pearl buttons, and his hat was slightly tilted over one eye. He settled himself deliberately into his wrappings with the air of one doggedly competent to face the world.

"I've never cleaned my own boots since I was married," he observed, "and that's seventeen years ago. There's the advantage of a good wife. My wife, she's first-class. Nor I don't see as why I should clean my own boots, neither. I ain't got time. Home about midnight, and out again by seven in the morning—that's it. That don't leave a man much time at home, do it? I should think not. There's passengers of mine what rides with me first thing in the morning, like it might be now, and when they sees me again the last thing at night—why, they think as I've had a rest in between. They never think as it's the same man all the time, you see. Ah, there ain't no trade what works longer hours than what we 'bus men do. Why do men take up the job, you'd wonder? Well, there's many youngsters whose 'ole ambition it is to sit up aloft and drive a pair of horses, and dress in a smart coat with big buttons, and a flower in the buttonhole and a top 'at. That's the finest thing in life, they think. I thought so once. . . ." Here a rival omnibus sheered alongside out of the roaring press of traffic and tried to pass us. The

rival conductor, swaying on his little platform just below, looked up at our driver with his lower lip thrust out.

"You'd ought to give up trying to drive," he shouted. "Take to selling penny buttonholes on Ludgate-hill again. You know—penny buttonholes!" An emphatic pantomime, with his upturned thumb upon the lapel of his faded blue coat, illustrated this kindly counsel. "All day long on the kerb—that's what you want. You're lost up there on a box."

"What about the shoeblack opposite the Mansion House?" retorted our driver, with one eye on his galloping horses and the other on the conductor, who continued to hurl the same insults. "What about 'im? Go back there. Go back to the old trade, what you understand. Shine, sir, shine? Go back."

The two huge vehicles surged together, missing collision by an inch or two. Our man gained a little, and came abreast of the other driver.

"I'm as good a coachman as what you are," says our driver, as we passed the other.

"But there's nothing like the fresh air," he continued, placidly. "It gives a man a relish for his food. Now, I can put in five good meals a day, and ask for more. First, there's the breakfast I has before I starts. My wife, she gives me that—not much, you know, just three or four rashers of bacon and thick slices of bread, and a pot of tea. Then I has what I call my second breakfast when we gets into the yard about eleven, just a bit of bread and cheese, or sausage, or what not, and a cup of coffee. That has to last me till two o'clock or so, when I has my dinner. There's a cookshop handy to the yard, where I gets a plate of meat, or a beefsteak pudding—something solid, anyway. The trouble with a cookshop is that they're so shy of giving second helps. That's why I likes my meals at home, or to bring the grub along with me, but it ain't always convenient. Then, as for tea, that comes along about five—bread and butter, and a matter of two or three eggs, or a haddock or so. And generally I seem to want another

tea about seven o'clock, too. A man must be fed, I say. No use in starvation when you're a-working hard. And when I gets home there's supper. Last night it was beefsteak. Not that I has beefsteak every night. But last night my brother came in, and he says to me, 'Bill,' he says, 'let's have a steak.' 'Right,' I says, and we put away two pound and a half between us. I was telling an old lady friend of mine what I'm telling you, 'and Lord help your poor stomach,' she says. 'Don't you worry about that,' I says, 'me and my stomach understands each other.'

"But it's expensive, is an appetite, I'll allow. What with rent and insurance, there ain't much to spare out of a man's wages. Eight and six a week rent and two shillings insurance—that's ten and six gone. What I look at is what's to become of the old woman when I'm dead, or laid up, or something. So I keeps up my insurance. You see, we lost our children—lost two in a fortnight. Diphtheria. And I was out of a job at the time, and lost some insurance money, for I dropped behind in my payments. I thought I should have lost my wife too. She wasted away to a shadow, and couldn't eat nothing. 'It's all very well for you,'—she used to say. 'You goes out all day; I've got to stop at home, an' nothing to do but think.' She was right, I reckon. But she pulled round."

A huge motor-omnibus came clanking round the corner, and my friend drew his vehicle right across its path. The motor-driver slowed up within a finger's-breadth of the tail of our omnibus. Neither of the drivers said a word, or altered a line of his face.

"As for them motor-omnibuses," resumed our driver, as he whipped up his docile horses, "they're things of the past. They'll be a-taking them all off the roads in a year's time. Look at the expense of the wear and tear. They was only an experiment from the first. Now, with horses, you know where you are. They may be slow, but they goes—they always goes, do horses. Some of our coachmen they took on the job of driving—poor fellows!

They're abs'lutely starved with the bitter cold and shook all to pieces. There's a friend of mine what drove a motor-omnibus for six months and turned it up. I met him in the street, and I says, 'Why, Joe, you've got the paralytic trembles.' For he was all of a shiver, like, and couldn't keep still. 'No more of that there for me,' he says. 'Give me horses,' he says, 'in the future.' And that's what I says too. Why, they fines the poor fellows if the blooming machinery breaks down, what they never taught 'em how to manage but only to drive. And there he is a-picking and a-hammering at the roadside, and knowing as he's losing money the 'ole time. They've got no strong union, you see. Nor they ain't likely to have; what with the motor drivers leaving private service to take on with the companies. Oh, yes, there's a many of them do that. In private service, they says, their work's never done. But on the road they've got their ten hours' driving, and the engineers do the rest. But the 'ole thing's just a fashion, as I was saying. They'll come back to horses, and a good job too. There's nothing better."

He edged into a jam of traffic, and pulled up.

The thin mist that clung about the haggard streets was suddenly disparted as a strong gleam of sun smote upon the block of vehicles. The bright hues of an omnibus, the glossy backs of the horses shone for a moment amid the press of huge motor-vans, steam trollies, staid black electric broughams, and swaggering red-cushioned, brass-bound automobiles. A moment, and the horses and their obsolete vehicle and their sturdy, clever driver were lost to sight.

XXV.—IMPERIALISM.

"To most men argument makes the point in hand more doubtful and considerably less impressive."

MR. BURGESS owns one of those discreetly retired shops (which we all know) wherein the only tobacco, the only cigar, and the only cigarette worth smoking may be purchased by the judicious. Similarly, there is only one Burgess.

"Town's very empty," observed Mr. Twells, the portly Bond Street jeweller, affably. He seated himself on the tobacco barrel, while Mr. Burgess filled his gold-rimmed, tortoise-shell snuffbox.

"Empty?" said Mr. Burgess. "What, ain't the Colonial Premiers here? Call yourself an imperialist, or what?"

"Imperialism," returned Mr. Twells, with chill finality, "has never done *us* any good, I can tell you that."

"You talk like as if it was a dose of salts," said Mr. Burgess, with a fat chuckle.

"I mean," continued Mr. Twells, majestically disregarding the suggestion, "that what we call the one-to-fifty-pound trade has gone, practically gone, sir, since the war. Every one's saying the same. (Not that it affects me, of course.) But I forgot," added Mr. Twells. "You're half a Colonial yourself, Mr. Burgess."

"Not me," said the stout tobacconist. "I'm a British subject, I am. And Colonial ain't a popular word over yonder, let me tell you. When you goes a-travelling in the King's dominions, you take and keep that there name buttoned up inside your new waistcoat, Mr. Twells, that's my advice to you. Yes, I been in the Colonies—and I come back. As you see. Livin's good and cheap, too. Yes,

me and the missis, we went out West. I worked on a farm, d'ye see. Cottage rent-free, and a bit of garden, a cow, and as much poultry as you like. Pigs, too. Use of a horse and buggy when you wanted to go to town. Treated us well, too, our employers did. But I couldn't stick it. I saved a hundred and fifty dollars, and 'I must go home,' I says. They offered me a bit o' land—good land, too—at a low price if I'd stay. 'Not if you was to take and give it me for nothing I wouldn't. I'm a-going home,' I says. But it's a good country, I don't deny."

"Didn't you like the work?" asked Mr. Twells.

"No, I didn't," replied Mr. Burgess, with decision. "Work! I never see such work in all my life. Up at sunrise, at it all day till dark, and hard, mind you. No mistake about that. But it wasn't the work, and it wasn't the people. It was somethin' else," said Mr. Burgess, impressively. "Why," he went on, "I used to find myself out all alone in a vast big field, or in the forest chopping wood and not a soul to speak to for hours and hours. Lonely? Might as well 'a been a insect."

"Ah!" said Mr. Twells, taking snuff. "So that's your Imperialism?"

"No, don't you run away with that idea," said Mr. Burgess. "You don't know, because you haven't seen. I have. I been most all over the world, in my time. I was in the war, too—can't say I fought, for we marched a thousand miles and never see a enemy. Now, I don't know what your politics are——"

"I have none," said Mr. Twells, with dignity. "I'm what I call independent. I have never voted for either side, and I never will."

"Well, I don't go so far as that," Mr. Burgess rejoined. "But, as I was saying, if this here Imperial Conference had come on before the war, things would 'a been very different. The Government's ignorant, that's where it is. Ignorant. They don't know what they're doing, not half the time. I can't say why it is, I'm sure. I only sees the fact. They're paid for their job, too. I know there's

some that says this country's run by the Press. But it's run by the Government. When the Press pulls all one way, like it did in the war-time, exceptin' one or two papers, the Press shoves the Government along. But most of the time the papers is pulling all ways to once. Take this here Colonial Conference. What did the last Government do? Come along, says Mr. Chamberlain, let's have a British Empire as *is* a Empire. Right you are, says the Premiers, you're a sportsman. And they come. They passed a lot of resolutions as would 'a made a Empire out of a ash-heap, by what I can see of it. And what did the Government do? Pleased to see you, Mr. Premiers, says Mr. Balfour. D'you play golf? No? What a pity! You should 'a begun young, like me. Well, so-long, he says, I've got to play a foursome, and my motor-car's blockin' the way. Sorry you can't stop, he says.

"As for the Radicals, of course they didn't raise no objections. No place like home, they says. Now we'll take everything from everybody that's worth robbin', divide it among ourselves, and start fresh. As for the Empire, that's off, they says. That's me, every time, says C.-B., and in he comes, a pick-a-back on a pore slave of a China-man. Now we'll have another Conference, he says, just to show there's no ill-feeling. Of course we ain't a-going to give you anything you want, he says. You can't surely expect it. But charmed to see you, any time. Telephone the Hotel Cecil, he says, and the car'll meet you at Waterloo."

"Ah," said Mr. Twells, "you're quite right, Mr. Burgess. A customer came into my shop only the other day, and he said, 'What we want is the Kaiser over here' —just like that."

"The Emperor William, he's a gentleman, he is," said Mr. Burgess. "He'd be gratified to meet your friend, no doubt, but I expect he'd say his own job took all his spare as it is. No, I doubt we'll have to struggle along as we are, Mr. Twells, a-trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, as the saying is. That's what the newspapers is at—

day and night they're at it, twenty different ways, too. I'm a great reader of newspapers, myself—that's partly why I come home. I'm interested in politics, and there's no politics on the prairie—nothing but a gashly emptiness, like wanting your dinner. But bless my soul alive! when it comes to the Colonial Conference, they're all abroad, the papers is. There's two or three, I don't deny, what's got the hang of the thing, and that'll do good. I dessay you know the ones I mean. But as for the rest, they're all afraid. Goodness knows what they're afraid of! I only know they're trem'lous. The editor's lived in a office all his life, I suppose, and so he don't know what his subscribers are like. He thinks they're all like editors, with one eye on a gilt-edged invitation-card a-stuck in the looking-glass, and the other on the proprietor. But the public's like you and me, Mr. Twells. We got our living to earn, and we sees that what's called the British Empire is a big bit of unrealised estate, a-crying out for development, and a-running to waste all the time.

"Now, what does the papers say? Two or three, as I've always said, tells us to go and take hold right along—and I'll lay a dollar the men that runs them papers has been and *seen*. But the rest—be careful, they says. Don't hurry—don't do nothing rash. It'll take years and years, they says, before we can think of making arrangements. Years of 'spade-work,' one of them says, as solemn as you please, and I suppose the man what wrote them words knew what he meant when he did it—I don't. And some of 'em is so busy a-stickin' stamp-paper over the cracks in the tumble-down, rat-rid, insanitary old warehouse they call Free Trade, they can't spare a thought. Free Trade! I took blessed good care, when I went into business, to take up a trade which was protected, I can assure you."

"I don't blame you," said Mr. Twells, getting off his barrel. "And talking of business, I must get back to mine."

"That's what it comes to, don't it?" said Mr. Burgess, cheerfully. "That's what it comes to, all the time."

XXVI.—MR. BETTERMAN.

"'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more."

WE will call him Mr. Betterman, after the example of the late John Bunyan, who labelled his characters according to the particular kind of temperament they were designed to represent. The author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" had no single personage in his eye; it was the type that—after the fashion of the Old Morality plays with which he was familiar—he aimed to portray. We also, in our humble way, have it in mind to depict a type, in the hope of arriving at a better understanding of the individuals of which it is composed.

The type, then, we have christened Betterman, because the principle upon which he seems to order his life is that of being better than other people. I say seems—who am I, to judge another? It will be seen presently that the theory is formed by process of induction. The desire not only to seem better, but to be better than other men is the only hypothesis which appears to explain the phenomena. There may, of course, be another hypothesis which has not yet been discovered.

But here, we must distinguish. The desire to be better than other people must not be confused with the desire to be good. Goodness—what the philosopher calls "good in itself"—is a positive thing; we are most of us in agreement as to its nature; and we most of us desire it. But Mr. Betterman's object is relative. He merely wants to be better than his fellows. He is not greatly concerned to know if they are right or wrong in any given case. With

him, it is not a question of a common allegiance to virtue, but of his own individual superiority. At this point, it is fair to say that Mr. Betterman is probably unconscious of the quality of his master motive. He very likely believes that he is humbly striving to be merely good, like the rest of us.

Now, how did Mr. Betterman come to be what he is? Did he, in his very cradle, roll an anxious eye upon his little brothers and sisters, and calculate in his infant mind how a baby might point a moral to their noisy behaviour? We shall never know. It is probable, however, that a solid comfort was his portion from his earliest years.

His father, Shut-Eye Betterman, was a man of considerable possessions, employing large numbers of men, women, and children. Shut-Eye Betterman remembered the good old days when the mill-owners used to import children of six years old from the workhouses, and force them to toil for thirteen hours daily, by the use of the lash and other forms of torture ; and when the dead used to be buried at night, to avoid unnecessary remark. But the worthy old gentleman never recounted these circumstances to Betterman junior ; who, perhaps, remains in ignorance of them to this day.

Shut-Eye married Gentility Toogood. Her father was a preacher of some local renown. It could never be said that Betterman senior married for money. Nor could it be contended by the envious that the well-to-do mill-owner gained any social advantage by his marriage. We are here bordering on dangerous ground. We know it. But truth is truth ; and the plain fact is that painful distinctions are drawn in society. There are, as Mr. Weller observed to Mr. Pickwick, wheels within wheels, even in a prison.

Miss Toogood's papa, that eminent divine, had never been able to reconcile his conscience with the tenets of the Establishment. I make no comment. I record the fact. Shut-Eye Betterman was a pillar of the society of which Mr. Toogood was the admired pundit. It had, as I have said, to endure a certain ostracism on the part of another

section of the community. I do not think the Toogoods and the Bettermans liked this exclusion — unavowed, but real. Who would? More; I doubt if it was good for them.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" An implied contempt, you see, drives the victim to obstinate self-justification. Young Betterman grew up in that atmosphere. It was not his fault. Nay, whose fault was it? Who shall award the blame, in our ancient, complex, and obsolete social system?

Master Betterman was subjected to rigid discipline in his early youth. Other people might ruin their children by indulgence — not so the Bettermans. Prayers before breakfast, school after breakfast, school after dinner, preparation after tea, prayers, bed. No variation, no relaxation. On Sunday, three long services and two Bible readings. A weaker boy might have rebelled, or eluded the iron rules of that household. But young Betterman was of a dogged constitution. He shut his mouth, and set himself to fulfil his destiny. He had money, he had excellent food, and good clothes. He was taught to perceive the value of these things, and how their possession depended upon industry, and that the object of industry was to get money. He never for a moment questioned these maxims.

He was never taught to try to be better than other people —he learned that lesson unconsciously. It was in the very air he breathed. He never, perhaps, consciously perceived that, when two persons, or two sets of persons, are at feud in civilised society there are only two courses of action: the one, to attempt conciliation by mutual concession; the other, to manifest superiority. Pride forbade the first course—pride, and honest conviction, very likely. The second remained. The obvious method of manifesting superiority over another is to prove him to be in the wrong upon every possible occasion. If A says black is black, B asserts that black is white. If A advances cogent arguments, B becomes a martyr to his convictions—and what

attitude can be more convincingly superior? After a while, the thing becomes a habit.

Young Betterman, I say, never, perhaps, consciously analysed the position. He simply acquired the habit. It might have been knocked out of him at school ; but then, neither the Toogoods nor the Bettermans approved of public schools. Betterman junior attended a grammar school, and lived at home.

In due time he entered his father's counting-house. Mr. Betterman intended his son for public life ; and he considered that a sound business training was the best possible preparation for statesmanship.

Young Betterman, then, learned by actual practice the application of the golden rule, Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. He remarked that the free import of raw material, together with fine machinery and a low rate of wages, enabled the manufacturer to make considerable profits. He also perceived that a large number of persons, whose opinions and methods of life generally were alien to his own, believed that other things might conceivably be of more importance than a handsome dividend. The result was inevitable. Young Betterman became a "convinced Free Trader."

When the times were ripe, he entered Parliament. This was a most dizzying experience for the provincial ; but he kept his head, though swimming in deep waters. Mr. Betterman, M.P., was suddenly confronted with all sorts of problems of which he had scarce heard, but in whose solution he was bound to take a hand. He steered manfully by what lights he had. But his little beacons had been designed to illuminate a suburban street ; their dim rays could not beam across great spaces of sea, or lighten the darkness of a strange continent.

Mr. Betterman might, indeed, have modified his views by the light of the opinions of others more instructed and of wider vision than himself. But that would have been a virtual confession of inferiority. He could not stomach the humiliation, though none but himself would have re-

garded him as swallowing an affront. The old habit was formed, wrought into metal no more ductile than cast-iron, by the long forging of circumstance and training. Moreover, he had what may be called the fixed intellect. He was constitutionally unable to assimilate more than a limited quantity of ideas.

Consider now Mr. Betterman, with his inexpugnable, irritable craving for the assertion of superiority, his fixed intellect, with its cast iron convictions, its resultant stubbornness. Consider also that he found himself among men who held the most various opinions, and yet who were accustomed to subordinate them to purely party interests. Their unspoken influence was, therefore, necessarily more potent in confirming Mr. Betterman's tendency to cling to his little sect, than any open persuasion exerted with the purpose of enlightening him, could be. Persuasion hardened his heart. He was unconscious of the prevalent influence of the spirit of party, and was infected by it unawares.

If our tentative analysis of the Betterman personality be approximately accurate — and all analyses of human character must be approximate—we may now, perhaps, be able to understand the true signification of those extraordinary actions which have hitherto confounded us.

We all remember how, when Mr. Betterman's native country was at war with another nation, Mr. Betterman went over to the other side, body and bones ; how he bitterly reproached his fellow-countryman with gratifying a selfish ambition and an unprincipled greed ; and how he praised the virtues of the enemy—his probity, humility, and noble patriotism. But surely it was clearly impossible for Mr. Betterman to side with a majority, and equally impossible for him to judge of a national issue save by the fixed standards of his teaching. Mr. Betterman had, in the first place, to justify his position—his, Betterman's position, which, he had learned to believe, was of some importance. Again, he had been taught that fighting is wrong. In his boyhood he never fought. He did not

run away either. If any one hit him—as sometimes occurred—he remained doggedly passive. Thus, the moral victory was his.

We remember, too, how, when the settlers of his own blood were striving to maintain order in a savage country—of whose existence and situation Betterman's schoolmaster had neglected to inform him—Mr. Betterman denounced the proceedings as murderous, and called upon a tribe of black and bloodthirsty barbarians, of whose nature he had no knowledge whatever, to arise against the white oppressor.

But again, how could Mr. Betterman act otherwise? The institutions of his native town, with which alone he had any acquaintance, are the result of the evolution of centuries. Mr. Betterman was quite honestly unable to perceive that the same conditions did not apply to a savage land, whose inhabitants were less civilised than were the Britons when the Romans came. The image in his mind was the picture of troops firing ball cartridge into a mob of poor factory hands, in the streets at home. His intellect, as I have said, was a fixed quantity, incapable of the least expansion. Many are in like case.

And then, again, we recall the apparent inconsistency of Mr. Betterman, the champion of freedom, when a measure of factory reform was brought forward. We remember his bitter opposition and his impassioned declaration that the whole moral and material welfare of the nation depended absolutely upon leaving the employers of labour perfectly unshackled. Well, he honestly believed what he said. He had been taught to believe that trade was the one object of existence, and that its success depended upon paying as little as possible for labour, and getting as much as possible for that little. I admit that the love of money may have influenced Mr. Betterman here. I don't say it did—but it may have.

To understand all, says the wise French proverb, is to forgive all. Well, I own it is hard to forgive Mr. Betterman at times. His violence inflicts a deal of unnecessary suffer-

ing, you see. But there he is : a fact to be faced. He is impervious to argument, deaf to persuasion. Opposition hardens his heart. And yet I see nothing for it but to withstand him ; without malice, if you will, but with a quite uncompromising determination.

XXVII.—THE WRECKERS.

"A wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the hearts of goodly soldiers. . . ."

THE throng of vehicles checked suddenly. In front, scarlet glowed in the strong sun; and from further yet rose the wail of the pipers piping. Scarlet, and black, and that wild music throbbing through the sunlight, chimed together, plucking at the heart. "The Guards! Marching to the Palace before disbanding. The Guards!" The words ran from lip to lip, with that extraordinary instantaneous communication of a crowd. People jumped from cabs, climbed down from omnibuses, ran from side streets, to march beside the soldiers: men, women and children marching beside the stern ranks of set faces, gazing steadily in front beneath the bearskins.

The pipers ceased, and the drums rolled, and the brass crashed, and the maddening music rose like a tide and beat from wall to wall of the shining, steaming street, and drowned the tramp of many footsteps beating in time.

In the midst were borne the colours, wreathed with a crown of green leaves—colours scarce faded since the King gave them to the battalion.

The strong river of scarlet and black rolled forward, and the crowd thickened at its side, moving with it. Beneath the swing of the music, you could hear the words passing here and there from one to another. "To be disbanded — a dirty shame — O, it's a shame — marching to parade before the King — the last time — a shame—a shame!" There was no shouting or gesticulation. The crowd was very quiet, as English crowds are. Their faces

were gravely tense. They were not indifferent. The most of them were sullenly, bitterly, silently angry.

Fainter and fainter rang the music ; the medley of traffic closed up behind the flash of scarlet, the shine of sunlight on bearskin and glitter of accoutrements ; and presently the streets that converge upon Victoria had fallen again into their dull, unceasing clatter and tumult. The Guards were gone by.

There is a little green enclosure in that place, shaded by trees. As I passed up the quieter side, I beheld a man, leaning his back against the railings, and crying. He was not attempting to conceal his emotion, nor did any one heed him. You can do almost anything in London, and no one will notice you, if you do it quietly. It is part of the horror of the place. The man was Stringer Mathieson, of Australia—lean, long, sun-dried, with a puckered, lizard-eye. I knew him, because it had fallen to my lot to accompany him on a wild motor tour during his first visit to England, years ago. He conceived a fine contempt for me because I couldn't tell him how many sheep went to an acre on the South Downs. We escaped a violent and painful death about once an hour during that voyage, and Stringer remained totally unmoved. Yet here he was, savagely blinking through unmistakable tears.

When he saw me, he called upon the name of his Maker, and uttered a single sentence of a quite indescribable profanity of invective. "Easy, Stringer," I said. "You're not in the Domain of Sydney. You'll have a policeman here, if you don't shut up."

"Policeman!" said Stringer, passionately ; "I'd shake his hand. He's an honest man. He does the job for which he gets his wages. Don't talk to me! Did you see that, just now?" He jerked a sharp thumb in the direction of Buckingham Palace.

"Of course," I said. "What's the matter? Taken ill with a poem?" Mathieson was a bard in his own land. Hence was he called Stringer, because he would string rhymes.

"You saw those chaps going to be disbanded—one of the finest battalions on God's earth going to be chucked away—you saw that, I say, and you tell me to be quiet?"

"Of course," I said. "We're only thankful that we've got one or two soldiers left and a ship or so still in commission. You seem surprised. Didn't you know there had been a general election?"

"Election!" shouted Stringer. "What's that got to do with it? What do we care about your lying, dirty election? We've elections of our own—and if ours are low, yours are a national degradation. Just tell me this: How long are you English going to stand being bought and sold for the price of a Minister's salary?"

"My dear Mathieson," I said, "I do beg of you to remember that—to be plain—it's not considered good form to talk in that way. Of course I know what you mean, but——"

"Yes," retorted Stringer, "I know. That's all England in a sentence. You know it, but you mustn't say it! That's why we respect you so—in Australia, for instance. I'm not an Englishman, thank God, and I choose to say what I dash blank choose to say. You English, you've put a gang of wreckers into power, and you yourselves can't say why you did it. You know perfectly well that, because they're wreckers, they'll wreck. And you see them at it, and you stand by, and tell each other it's bad form to mention it. My heart alive! Give me a hundred Australians and I'll engage to clean out the House of Commons inside half an hour, and stand the racket afterwards. Only it wouldn't be worth while. You'd only put 'em all back again. Now, what have you got to say?"

"'Populus vult decipi, decipiatur!'" I said.

"I don't understand French, as you know," said Stringer Mathieson. "But I'll tell you what we think, t'other side of the world. We think this country's gone rotten. It's too blamed old. You can't alter it. Shut it up as a showplace for American millionaires, and charge a shilling at the gate. That's all you can do. But for God's sake don't

go on blethering about Empire, and the Mother-country, and that. We're simply fed up with it."

"Judge, then," I said, "what we feel—inside the gate."

Mathieson regarded me curiously. "Are there ten righteous left, then?" he said. "Why, I suppose there are. Well, well—the best I can tell you is to get away out of it while time is yet given you. But you won't — of course you won't. You can't see, somehow—and I know I shan't be able to convince you—that the old country has several generations of accumulated sin to pay for, and that the bill is being presented."

"Explain," I said.

"You're too rich, because of the way you got your riches. You know very well how you got 'em. You ground and starved men and women to the bone. You called yourself the workshop of the world—isn't that the sacred phrase?—and then you proclaimed Free Trade, and universal peace, and all the rest of it. Did you believe it? Not you. Nor did the rest of the world. They were nearly deceived, but not quite. Not quite, sir. You had prophets in the land, I grant you — Carlyle and parties. Nobody heeded 'em. You called 'em dreamers. I tell you, their dreams are coming true. You're rotten at the heart's core. . . . But I don't want to hurt your feelings."

"Continue," I said.

"Well, you are, you know. You can't suck up all the good stuff from the land—churn up good yeoman flesh in factories, and work the women out, without paying the price. What do they know or care of country or Empire? Gaol and workhouse crammed to the doors—miles of slums —millions of acres of good land desert—there's the heart of Empire. And never a man among your politicians will face the facts. They stick to the old cry—Peace, peace —when there is no peace."

A strain of martial music floated over the trees of the park, across the tumult of traffic. Mathieson pricked up his ears like a pointing dog. Then he shook his head, screwing up his eyes, as though in pain.

"It ought to be the Last Post," he said. "O, the pity of it. . . . Come and have a drink, any way. 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow'—eh?"

"Don't be oratorical," I said. "Be English."

Stringer Mathieson eyed me grimly, his leathern, cadaverous countenance once more impenetrably composed. "It's all right," he said. "I've done. I won't give you away. I'll be real English. . . . But let's get out of this before the men come back, or I won't say. Heh, carrozzi! Cab! Drive as if the devil kicked you!"

We drove, and the music died away behind us. A phrase of Ruskin's set itself to the roll of the wheels: "A wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; a camp follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the hearts of goodly soldiers. . . ."

XXVIII.—PICTURES.

"A spiritual woven signal for all nations, emblem of man elate above death."

"THIS," said the lady in the flowered dress, "is so pretty it's quite worth sitting opposite to for a minute." She seated herself accordingly upon a green iron chair, and gazed at the full-sized stage representation of the late Lord Nelson's birthplace which adorned the Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court. It is so like Nature that Nature herself must marvel at it. But it has the stillness and rigidity of death. The lady's gaze wandered. The jangle of mechanical music filled the sultry air ; that kind of music which is supposed to be popular because it has parted with the essential attributes of melody.

"The best exhibition we've ever had, I'm sure," said the lady, as she moved away from before the death-mask of Burnham Thorpe.

Is it? Well, that depends. (Not that it matters.) In the dusky red picture galleries hung the portraits of old seamen and great captains and the presentments of ancient sea fights. And one chamber is consecrate to Nelson, the deathless star of England's prowess. But outside, mingled with the pasteboard reminders of one of the real things that remain in England, the Navy, are a gimcrack bazaar and a cheap-jack fair. These are well enough in their place—but why the juxtaposition? It is to be supposed that the people prefer the arrangement. And at this point in our train of reflections we leave externals and come to the essential. Here are the pictured dead heroes in the quiet galleries, and there is the crowd without. It may be

merely fancy—but there seems to be some sort of indescribable discrepancy or want of harmony between the two. It may be merely superficial. If it be worth while to examine whether there be any reason for so vaguely disquieting an impression, one must needs observe more narrowly. Let us begin with the seamen. What manner of men were these fighting sailors, whose deeds we know? What can we discern of their characters from their faces as the artist drew them? In such an attempt, we are to remember that we are looking, not upon the man but, upon the man as the artist conceived him. If the artist were greatly gifted we shall see perhaps what we could not otherwise have discerned. And if the painter had but a mechanical mind, his art would partly obscure instead of reveal the nature of his subject. In either case we behold the subject inextricably intermixed with the temperament of the painter ; and in addition we must needs take into account the refractive medium of the spectator's own individual temperament. Hence it is that in such a business we must always work with defective instruments, so that no two persons will arrive at precisely the same result. But nevertheless, a general agreement is attainable. Indeed, it is upon this rough working basis that the affairs of the world are conducted. It is an old and a true saying that we see only that which we bring the capacity to see.

We are to proceed by the comparative method, so that it will be convenient to take some one portrait to start from. Here, facing down the gallery, is the big full-length portrait of John Jervis, Earl of St.Vincent, G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet. It is common knowledge that he won a great victory over the Spanish Fleet off Cape St. Vincent ; it is not so well known that Lord St. Vincent restored and perfected the discipline of the British Navy at an exceedingly critical time. An indomitable, wise, and crafty old man, he looks out from Beechey's picture, gazing a little sideways and down. He has the eyes of a commander, alert, penetrating, and imperturbable, latently menacing. The nose, long, boldly salient and broad at the nostrils,

curves over the firm lips. The head domes finely above the ears. The figure is deep-chested and sturdy. Here is one (you would say) who would be very ill to cross ; one who would cunningly shape a course, and who would implacably hold to it ; who had faced the best and the worst in life, and serenely defied either to turn him a hair's breadth from his way. There are strength and cunning and determination in the old man's face, but there are also refinement and an extraordinary dignity.

One knows the qualities he displayed in life, and his great achievement ; and it may be objected that one reads them into the man's aspect. But, even so, try to find a contradictory feature, and the result is the same. The great admiral is all of a piece, his strenuous spirit moulded his outward semblance to its own likeness in the end. So it is always, had we but eyes to read that writing.

Turn now to the portrait of Admiral Hood, Viscount Bridport. He was a few years senior to St. Vincent. He fought under Hawke in the action which defeated Conflans, and he was second in command upon the Glorious First of June under Lord Howe. His portrait shows a singularly beautiful old man, his white hair falling about a face shrewd, noble, and kindly. And in him again we mark the keen, implacable eye, the big nose, the resolute mouth, and the suggestion of wisdom not unmingled with the craft of the fighting man.

So, too, with Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Francis Fremantle, with Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood, with Admiral of the Fleet Earl Howe, with Captain Basil Hall, with Vice-Admiral William Young—to choose at random. All these were of Nelson's time ; and all, it seems, were stamped with the same seal. It may be an obsession on the part of the spectator, but one cannot but believe that there is a strong family likeness among this "band of brothers." Each differs from the other ; yet there is not one who could by any possibility be anything but a naval officer. Set them, dressed in plain clothes, in any crowd of whatever degree, and they would still stand forth conspicuous and

unmistakable. Not only so, but the likeness persists to the present day. Glance through a collection of naval portraits, and now and again—if you have friends in the Navy—a face will look out upon you with the lineaments of a familiar acquaintance.

The gallery is very quiet and near deserted. From without comes a confused noise of music and cries. The spectator is almost alone among these silent figures of the valiant dead. There is a kinship among them extending unaltered through the centuries of battle and storm and broil. And here, among the relics of his life, is the captain of them all. Upon Nelson's countenance, noble and melancholy and ardent, is set the same seal. What is it? What is this intangible thing that sets these men apart? Is there no trace of it in the crowd that loiters and frolics in the garden outside and fills the streets beyond? Here and there, but not often, one may see it. Faces, said Bacon, are but a gallery of pictures—pass them in review. Clever and ugly, vacuous and pretty, handsome or shrewd, brutal or plaintive—they press and throng. And when we catch a hint, a glimpse, of the thing we seek, upon whom is it impressed? Always, surely, upon one who has lived a hard life in unfaltering pursuit of one thing. It is really a simple thing when you reflect upon it, and its simple name is duty. There is no impress more beautiful, and none, perhaps, more rare. And here we arrive at the reason for that indefinable discordance between the only valuable part of the exhibition and the rest—between the people who have made it so, and the silent faces on the wall.

Here is, perhaps, but a fancy, or at best a broken sidelight upon the bewildering confusion of a time of transition. It would have no importance were it not that the quality we decipher so unmistakably upon the faces of the men who learned and practised their duty under duty's sternest teacher, the sea, was the quality that saved and upheld the country in time of need, and that its lack must inevitably lose what they won. If the old fibre be not weak-

ening, why is it that we are shown the menace of the future and never lift a hand? Why is it that we are content to leave all duty of defence to the men of the sea, where the old tradition still holds? We may be assured of this—the Navy cannot do all for all time. If the land that breeds the men of the Navy trifles with its duty, they, too, will presently begin to fail. . . .

Our stout lady was right. The exhibition is the best we have had—if we did but know it. And so out into the streets again, the flaring streets where the people are buying and selling and taking their ease, as though Nineveh had not fallen nor Rome crumbled in ruins. A gloomy view, no doubt. But it is only a fancy, a broken side-light on the confusion of a time of transition. The sun will rise to-morrow, and many to-morrows, and with it comes the sound of many footsteps, the footsteps of a new generation.

XXIX.—THE PAGEANT.

"There is no putting by that Crown . . ."

THE night before the Pageant, the Cup-Bearer to King Henry VIII. dreamed of Queens. They were very unlike the young ladies in the shop; even when these were attired in Royal costumes, ordered of Jimmy Morland's master by the ladies of the Pageant. They were also unlike the ladies themselves, even when these assumed the dress of their rank, after viewing their effect upon the living models in the high-class millinery establishment of the King's Road.

What were they like? When he awoke, Jimmy Morland could not remember. His eyes lighted on the green and gold costume disposed upon a chair, and the great gilt cup standing beside it. These trappings appeared to him extraordinarily symbolical. Such things as these had aforetime dwelt in the presence of Queens; the page, kneeling in that silken hose, had lifted the massive cup towards her Majesty, and his eyes, perhaps, had looked into hers. . . .

Jimmy Morland went down to breakfast in the gas-lit basement, with the other shop assistants. For the first time in some dreary years, that leaden meal did not affect him; he heard, without heeding, the talk of his companions rise about him like an inarticulate gabble; and their familiar faces appeared insignificant like masks. The sting of these things was drawn; their dull, implacable reminder that so, and just so, should all the days of his life be, without hope of escape, till the end, was remitted. Morland did not reason upon this remarkable circum-

stance ; he was merely conscious of a hope, of an impending knowledge of some great and shining idea, in whose veiled presence he was content to stand. That it might be, as he said to himself, "all a bit of fancy," which might leave him suddenly, leave him grounded again upon dusty, garish trivialities and grinding tedium, he was also aware ; but he did not think about that.

Morland was to be released from the shop at noon, for the Pageant was to open at three o'clock.

"Now my boy," said his employer, "get about your work smart. You must get done somehow—can't afford to let you off, else, y'know."

The burly milliner spoke not unkindly, but according to his habit. In common with most shop-keepers of a certain class, he held it his duty to drive his assistants like slaves ; that was "business," and business was his god ; but his driving principles were mitigated by a propensity towards good-nature. Business and good-nature had combined to induce him to let young Morland enlist in the Pageant. Business told him that, as he supplied dresses for the actors, it was well to keep in with the Committee, who had picked out young Morland as a likely page. Good-nature said, let the boy have a bit of an outing. And when the Committee asked Mr. Brophy to take the part of a Royal Duke accused of high treason, tried before his peers, and led to execution in jingling chains, there was hardly anything (had they but known it) which he would not have given them.

"A good part, though I say it," Mr. Brophy would confide to a friendly customer. "In fact, between you and me, it's the only part in the 'ole performance—what I call a *Part!*"

Mr. Brophy had Jimmy to a cold lunch in his own sacred dining-room—"slice of beef and a glass of sherry, my boy. Help yourself." It was a small room, floridly papered, vividly carpeted, a gilt clock preserved under a glass shade on the black marble mantelpiece, and flanked by mottled vases containing spills. The apartment smelt of varnish,

an odour associated in Jimmy's mind with the signing of his indentures, eight years before, when he was a small pale depressed boy of fourteen. He had often thought since, that if he had known to what that "act and deed" committed him, he would have run out of the room, and into the street, and away—away to anywhere, before signing his name beside the red wafer. The same thought came to him again, as he modestly sipped at Mr. Brophy's Old East India Brown; and with it came an inspiration. "Why not chuck it?" His indentures had expired. He was an "improver," earning ten shillings a week and his board and the privilege of "improving" himself in a business whose every detail an intelligent person could master in three months. "Why not? Why not chuck it?" The idea was not new. Many a time had Morland come to the edge of revolt; and dismayed by the hopeless prospect beyond, had sullenly drawn back, and relapsed into resignation.

But to-day, it appeared to him that in the world which the Pageant had revealed to him, a world wherein men fought and lusted at their will, and hazarded all and lost and won; a world peopled by all manner of gracious presences, among whom the long procession of Queens moved sad and smiling and stately, Guinevere and Boadicea, Æthelflaed and Matilda, Anne of Cleves and Elizabeth; in such a world, there must be room and place for a man outside the glass-walled, stifling shop, in which the assistants were imprisoned like the flies on the pane. Of course there must. The thing was absurd. Besides, thought Jimmy Morland, walking to the Pageant grounds, all these multitudes of people in the streets were free people. They were not in shops. Yet they lived, and had time to come and stare at him, walking to the Pageant with his cheap mackintosh cloaking his page's dress, all but the white hose and buckled shoes.

He came into the littered enclosure behind the trees, where painted men in scanty tunics lounged beside their horses, smoking pipes, and Druids mixed with dancing

girls, and brazen Roman soldiers mingled with black-robed nuns, and a Saxon Archbishop, in cope and mitre, walked arm-in-arm with the gigantic figure of William the Norman. Pretty girls eyed the Cup-bearer with the English gaze which sees without seeing; and Jimmy Morland was abashed. The sun beat strongly on the disarray, and the music of the overture sounded from beyond the trees. Druids and Romans came and went; the Early British cavalry thundered out at a gallop; the Saxon prelates assembled to hear the king give judgment; and the Cup-bearer ran along with the crowd of May-Day revellers. They danced and shouted upon the sunbright space of grass, beneath the hill of spectators rising beneath the wooden roofs, and then all were gone with the swiftness of a dream, and the sunbright space was empty.

Jimmy Morland stood aside among the bushes, holding the gold cup, until King Henry Eight should require his service. He watched the red halberdiers file down the winding path between the bushes, and line up in the centre of the sunbright space, where grave men in black gowns were holding converse; he watched the watermen in white and green, file down the winding path between the bushes, and stand in a double row, making an arch of their long oars; and he saw the burly King rolling down the winding path between the bushes, and pass beneath the oars, and greet the grave men in black, and presently walk up and down with one of them, his great arm resting on the grave man's shoulder. Then the players came together in a group, and the Cup-bearer stepped forward, and kneeling, offered the goblet to the King.

Just behind his Majesty, stood a girl attired in a dove-coloured dress, and Jimmy Morland looked up and met her glance. She did not gaze through him without seeing him, like the other girls. She surveyed him gravely. Presently they stood aside together, and watched the end of the scene.

It occurred to Jimmy, that if he were not what he was: if he were a free man, like these others; if he had the right

to mingle in polite society ; if he were not there on sufferance, as an actor in the Pageant, the stain of the shop ignored for the time being ; how happy he would be. He would then, he was sure, be able to speak to the lady at his side naturally and easily. He would then, he was sure, be able to look her full in the face without embarrassment. It struck him that he might achieve that position at a stride. Five minutes—painful but brief—with Mr. Brophy, and the thing was done. Why, then, he was practically free already —free, save for a mere form. The thought filled him with a sudden unreasonable exaltation. He glanced at the girl beside him. She appeared to be wrapt in that icy, intangible mantle which held real ladies aloof and apart and unapproachable. If he were to speak to her, how should he begin? Should he call her "Miss?" . . .

Out in the sunlight, Sir Thomas More, following the Pursuivant, turned suddenly, to bid his wife farewell, and the Dame kneeled beside the black figure.

"It's very real, isn't it?" said the girl, pleasantly, and Jimmy felt that he was facing a crisis.

"Do you know, that's just what I feel it isn't," he said ; and wondered at the sound of his own voice.

"O, but why? I think they do it so well," returned the girl, her brown eyes looking him directly in the face.

"It isn't like what things are now, I mean," said Jimmy, labouring with some confusion of thought. "Seems to me things have changed for the worse."

"Sir Thomas More is going away to execution," said the girl, looking after the dark-robed figure as it ascended the winding path between the bushes. "That wouldn't happen now, would it?"

"He had his innings, after all," persisted Jimmy. "There's lots of chaps like—lots of fellows I know, who don't get the chance of that much, nowadays."

"Men can make their own chance, surely," said the girl.

"They could—*then!*" Jimmy jerked a thumb at the Lord High Admiral of England, who was paying audacious court to the Lady Elizabeth. "Kings and Queens, too," he added, inconsequently.

"There's Lady Jane Grey," said the girl. "Isn't she sweet? I like her better than Elizabeth. But I shouldn't like to be a Queen."

Jimmy Morland had attended a course of University extension lectures on English literature. A certain passage flitted through his mind. . . . "*You must be in many a heart enthroned: there is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be.*" . . .

"Yes," he said. "There is no putting by that crown." And then he felt that he was saying something he had said before, sometime, somewhere, standing in the green shade, looking upon the bright and moving spectacle of the Pageant as he stood now; and he knew what the reply would be.

"Is that a quotation?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said Jimmy. "I couldn't ever have thought of it myself—not to put it in those words, like," he added modestly.

"Are you fond of reading?" she asked.

"Like it better than anything," replied Jimmy. "Only, you see, I don't get much time. At work from eight in the morning till eight or nine at night, you see. But I manage to get in a bit when the—after hours, and on Sundays."

"My father writes books," said the girl.

"Does he indeed?" His tone expressed profound veneration. "Do you write, too?" he ventured.

"O, no. My spelling isn't very good. Besides, I'm not original. I haven't any ideas. I should hate to have to write."

"Would you really?"

"Why, do you think it such a good thing, then?" asked the girl.

"The only thing," said Jimmy, with conviction. He had not thought of it before, but now he felt quite sure, as if he had suddenly discovered the solution of a puzzle.

The graceful and stately figures of the Pageant came and went in the sunlight; there was a sound of music in the air, mingled now and then with the monotone of a voice

speaking, and a clapping of hands. The sunbright space was cleared, and then there came a motley procession of children and waving banners, vividly hued like flowers. All the persons in the "Faerie Queene" passed slowly in review, very plain to see, yet unearthly like a dream: the Red Cross Knight, Una, Archimago, the Dwarf, a little solemn Lion pacing upright, Britomart, the Seven Deadly Sins, and the six ape-like Beasts, ambling in front of the gilded coach. Then came Dame Celia, Pastorella, Sir Calidore, the Lord of Many Isles, Melibæus, Corydon, shepherds and shepherdesses, and a little solemn tiger pacing very upright. The little striped beast climbed to the summit of a knoll, and stood watching the masque go by, while Edmund Spenser, the creator of that strange and beautiful fantasy, stood apart, reciting his very noble and melodious verse. So passed Sir Guyon, Mammon and Philotima, the Palmer, and Care, Pain, Strife, Revenge, Despite, Treason, Hate, Jealousy, Fear, Sorrow, Shame, Horror; and Cambina, Priamond, Diamond, Triamond, the Three Fates, the Chariot with the Lions, the Dragon, Duessa, and the vast goggling Giant Orgoglio, towering above the rest, his wide raiment blown like a sail; and then came Gloriana, beruffed, be-diademed, guarded by her Halberdiers. And the little solemn Tiger surveyed them all, and paddled down to join the procession; the while Edmund Spenser recited the magic words in which the whole rout of faery lived and shone and had their being.

Jimmy Morland was seized with a sudden, strange excitement. Something rose in his throat; his eyelids smarted.

"There!" he said, thickly. "There it is. Just as I was saying—the only thing. The only thing in life."

"What?" said the girl.

"That," said Jimmy, earnestly, "That there. Why it's alive—as alive now as when he wrote it. That's what I call worth doing. It's *real*, that is!"

She regarded him curiously. "My father would like to hear you say that," she said. "You ought to be a writer—a poet."

"What, me!" said Jimmy, bitterly. "Me? I'm in a shop. I sell ribbons over a counter, from eight to eight, that's what I do. I'm one of the fellers what Tennyson talks about—a knave what strikes with his cheating yard arm home, or something. Strike? There's nothing to strike, what I can see of it. Why, I've no right to be talking to you like I have done. I'm a shopman, I am."

"There's no disgrace in that," said the girl.

"No, but people think as there is," returned Jimmy. "Not that I care. It's being it, that's the trouble."

"Why don't you give it up?"

"Starve," said Jimmy, laconically. "Not but what I'd chance it," he added.

"There's my father," said the girl suddenly.

A grey-headed gentleman stood in the sunlight, his hat under his arm, looking about him. The girl went towards him. Jimmy watched them talking together.

Across the sunbright space, passed the funeral obsequies of a Queen of England, a great train of black-robed nuns, and swaying banners brightly blazoned, to the solemn chant of the *Dies Iræ*.

"That's what it comes to," said Jimmy Morland to himself. "Lord, what a fool I made of myself, too."

The bier borne shoulder high, the scarlet banners, the black monks and nuns, the mitred Abbot, the painted herald, went slowly by, the strains of the dirge rising and falling upon the still hot air.

"Ah, that's what it comes to, all the time," said Jimmy Morland. "Queens and all."

Then he became aware of the girl returning towards him, her bright figure relieved upon the sombre, receding funeral train.

"My father wants to speak to you," she said. "Will you come?"

"How do you do, Mr. Cup-bearer," said the grey-headed gentleman, pleasantly. "I see you are interested in the Pageant."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"You are kind enough to take a part in King Henry's episode, which I had the pleasure of writing," continued the grey-headed gentleman. "They are the small parts that are often the difficulty. If you will allow me to say so, I thought you performed yours admirably well."

Jimmy blushed.

"Some people say," pursued the grey-headed gentleman, "that these Pageants tend to make some of the players discontented with the ordinary routine of life. What do you think?"

"Per'aps they may have been discontented before, and the Pageant put an edge on it, like," said Jimmy wistfully.

"They see possibilities, you mean?" returned the other, eyeing him kindly.

"That's it," said Jimmy, looking aside.

"Mind," said the grey-headed gentleman, "I don't think that's a bad thing. I think it's a good thing—if it happens to the right man. The kind of man, I mean, who is prepared to fight for what he wants, and wait, and go on fighting. Then, I say, there's always a way out."

"You mean, a man can always make his own chance?" Jimmy carefully avoided glancing at the girl standing grave and attentive beside her father, as he echoed her words.

"Quite," said the grey-headed gentleman, brightly. "Well, this is a very interesting subject—we must have another talk, Mr. Cup-bearer." He produced a card. "If you care to come and see me some evening, I shall be delighted. Come to-night, will you? That's right."

He nodded and turned away. The girl beside him bowed gravely. Jimmy Morland, standing with his page's cap in his hand, beheld her departing through the sunlight.

XXX.—THESE SIGNS.

"And let it be, when these signs are come unto thee, that thou do as occasion serve thee."—*First Book of Samuel*, x. 7.

Two little boys and a small fair-haired girl are standing at a narrow deal table, set in the middle of the bare floor, breakfasting. They are standing, because—for the moment—there are no chairs. The chairs and other things come and go, as the household budget varies. The children's rations are half a loaf, a wedge of margarine, and some stewed tea. The children's faces are wan, clean and shining. The boys wear starched collars, the girl is clad in a clean pinafore. Their mother washed them overnight, in water fetched from the basement, and heated (in a bucket) on the open fire. She was moved to this effort because the children had told her that the morrow was a kind of festal day, called—so teacher said—Empire Day; when some vague ceremonies in the morning were to be followed by a half-holiday.

In the corner, under the sloping roof of the garret, two stalwart youths lay sleeping on the bed, covered by a piece of drugget. They were selling papers in the streets till past midnight. On the wall is a framed oleograph of the late Queen Victoria. The recess beside the fireplace is fitted with shelves, whose edges are decorated with pink tissue-paper, cut into a pattern, like ham-frills. A yellow chest of drawers is tilted against the wall. Besides one or two indistinguishable heaps of dirty household utensils, there is nothing else in the room.

The mother, a tall, gaunt woman, stands with her arms

folded, her back to the street window, looking down upon the children. Her face is lined and set into a mask of dogged endurance. Not until the finger of death touches it will the features relax.

From a steeple near by, lifted very high and far above the dense-packed houses, the hour chimes, and the children clatter down the dark stair (steps and wall and handrail smeared with the peculiar foul dry grease of London) into the arched passage leading to the street. There is a post, also ingrained with the London grease, set midway in the entrance. Against the post leans the father of the family, himself one smear from head to foot. He is smoking the black stump of a clay pipe.

"Empire Day, is it?" he says indolently, surveying the children. "What's that, then? Never heard of it when I was at school. Go along now." And so the children melt into the throng of the great turbulent thoroughfare, and join other children; hundreds of children trotting in and out the tide of foot passengers towards the cliff of the brick building. Upon its summit, a brand-new Union Jack is scrolled vividly upon the sullen sky.

Acres of streets, miles of streets, thousands of houses, the inhabitants thick as mites in cheese: in London, in Bristol, in Portsmouth; in the north, in the midlands, the black streets climbing stonily up and down the hills, the same; in Manchester, Hull, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield—all, in their varying degrees, the same, this Empire Day. Here dwell the Imperial People; teeming millions of Imperial People, in immense beer-sodden, gin-soaked, immovable, clotted masses. Examine the mass in detail, and you will perceive some such matter as that which is here indicated—only indicated—in a sketch from nature.

Some three hundred years ago, in the little seaport town of Bristol, a parson's son said to his father, "Now Jack's going to Cambridge, it's time I began to fend for myself. Here's a new venture to the East Indies. Put in what money you can spare, and let me hale and draw with the

mariners." And the lawyer's son said the same to his father, and the butcher's son to his father, and so it befell in the burgesses' houses of Bristol. Of sailors there was no lack ; many a stout ploughhoy who had shipped ere the Spaniards came, and who had chased the Armada all up Channel, was waiting for a job along the quays. After two and a half centuries, the whole of India had passed to the British Crown. Not all those young men of Bristol came home again. But there were always more to go ; and presently they, or their sons, or their son's sons, returned with much riches.

Near two hundred and fifty years ago, Cromwell found no lack of men to send to Jamaica, which island they took at point of sword ; and somehow the English spread throughout the sugar islands of the West Indies, and stayed there. There was plenty of room in England, then. The best land in the world bred the stoutest race in the world ; and fed them well enough ; but out they must go. They wanted a change ; or they wanted money ; or they loved the wrong woman ; or they had killed a man ; or the priests annoyed them ; and so out they went.

Some years before Cromwell took hold on the sceptre, a little company of Puritans had gone to America, protesting that they had been deprived at home of the privileges of their birthright. A century and a half afterwards, thirteen proud States declared their independence ; and some fifty years after that, the Two Canadas were united under the British Crown.

Meanwhile, Captain James Cook, voyaging the South Seas, had lighted upon Australia ; it seemed to him likely to provide a pleasant retreat for Englishmen in trouble ; so he annexed the continent, in case it might prove useful. There were hard laws in those days, made to curb a hard race ; and the convict ships took the English to Australia. The Cape would not let their passengers land. A picture rises in the mind, of a ship, her decks crowded, lying under Table Mountain, and men with muskets lining the

beach. Presently the ship goes about, heading south, and diminishes, and vanishes away. And a week or so ago the Premiers of Australasia were here in England, speaking to the English people with the voice of two vigorous nations.

And all down the generations the men of England were sailing and fighting east and west and south ; parson's son, squire's son, the son of the lord, the son of the ploughman, of the farmer, of the tradesman. Always they went, because they would go, or because the wrong horse won—a hundred various reasons. They are going still. Not for them is Empire Day, save as a greeting and a memorial. Not for you, ye who did for the race what never man did before on this earth, though you knew not what you did ; for now you know.

Not for these, but for the children of England, is Empire Day ; and the flag that's hoisted on their schools is the ensign of a forlorn hope. That is what a hundred years of industrial supremacy have brought us to at last ; to the flag of England flying above the immense, beer-sodden, gin-soaked, immovable clotted masses, as a sign to the children, ere they, too, sink into that pullulating degradation to bring forth after their kind.

The flag can but point the way, which the founders of Empire Day have called Duty. Duty, to the grey mass from which the children spring (like flowers from the slime) means nothing, has never meant anything, and will never mean anything. Pray let us face the facts, if we are at all in earnest in this matter. We have bred this people ; the people of the single room, the tenement, the people of idleness and slavery and want. The gigantic mortgage which the lords of industry raised upon the manhood and the womanhood of England is beginning to fall due. Now are we frantically casting about in our minds to find a way to escape payment. There is no way. Nature does not forgive debts.

But, " under the good providence of God," England was never wholly the shop. The younger son who had small

taste for the counter went forth—to find his father's asses very likely—and he found, like Saul, the son of Kish, a kingdom. His are the magnificent possessions with which we may—it is possible—pay off, or at least extend the period of that fatal mortgage. In the wise old fairy stories it is ever the younger son contemned of his very respectable family, who seeks his fortune, and who comes home to restore his family, fallen by overmuch avarice. He is a good boy now ; his adventures have chastened him ; duty is his watchword ; and so " he lives happy ever afterwards." But his family was not all bad ; sometimes there was a good sister or so ; and she (poor soul), suffering undeserved hardships, set her hopes upon a world to come.

Since this world has failed so lamentably, there must be another. So runs the simple creed of many and many an honest heart, whelmed and strangled amid the immense beer-sodden, gin-soaked, immovable, clotted masses. The world they know is sour, narrow, hungry, and hard ; closed in by a monstrous labyrinth of vile houses ; without hope. Well, here is another world in this life, waiting for them ; or, if not for them, for their children ; not to be won without courage and indomitable perseverance ; no Paradise, but common earth ; yet ample and generous, returning good meed for honest labour, giving room and verge enough under clear skies for many a thousand English homes.

This is the gift of the younger son. This is what he has gained for the elder branch. Therefore is Empire Day both the sign and symbol of a great achievement, and the call to follow a forlorn hope. Forlorn, because for the immense grey mass there is no release ; and because their children must break the strong thraldom of ignorance and apathy and vice, if they would be free.

So we come back to the garret, up the greasy stair, in which a gaunt woman starves and slaves with shut lips ; the piece of wretched bread, the margarine, the vile tea, the frowsy bed ; the husband cadging halfpence for a

drink, the thin, alert boys coming in dog-tired from the streets ; the children coming home hungry from school, to a fireless grate.

But the window looks forth upon the sky, and there is the glimmer of a flag scrolled upon the lowering clouds.

FINIS.

BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO., LTD., PRINTERS, LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

The Author desires to acknowledge the courtesy of the Proprietors of the *Morning Post*, *Standard*, *Standard of Empire* and *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* for permission to reproduce such of these sketches as have already appeared in the publications under their control.

CATALOGUE OF PUBLICATIONS

ISSUED BY P. S. KING & SON

Africa. Slave Traffic in Portuguese Africa. An Account of Slavery and Slave Trading in Angola and of Slavery in the Islands of San Thome and Principe. By H. R. Fox-Bourne. Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Africa. *See also* CAPE COLONY; CONGOLAND; EGYPT; *and* SOUTH AFRICA.

Agricultural Labourer. History of the English Agricultural Labourer. By Dr. W. Hasbach. Translated from the German into English. With a Preface by Sidney Webb, LL.B. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Agricultural Co-operation. By George Radford, M.A. Royal 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Agriculture. *See also* BOOKKEEPING; CO-OPERATION; CO-OPERATIVE FARMING; PEOPLE'S BANKS; SMALL HOLDERS; *and* VILLAGE BANKS.

Alcohol. *See* DRINK.

Anti-toxin Serum Treatment. *See* DIPHTHERIA.

Anti-Socialism. *See* NEWÆRA.

Arbitration. Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration. By Douglas Knoop, M.A. With a Preface by Professor S. J. Chapman. Cheap edition, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Armaments and War, The Extinction in Perpetuity of. By A. W. Alderson. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Assurance. The Assurance Companies Act, 1909. With the Rules and Orders made thereunder by the Board of Trade. With Notes. By Maurice Hawtrey Truelove, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Demy 8vo. 5*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Australia. A Colonial Autocracy. New South Wales under Governor Macquarie, 1810–1821. By Marion Phillips, B.A. (Melbourne), D.Sc. (Econ.), London. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Demy 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Bank of England, History of. By Professor A. Andréadès. Translated from the French into English. With a Preface by Professor H. S. Foxwell, M.A. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Banking. *See* CO-OPERATIVE BANKING; CO-OPERATIVE CREDIT HANDBOOK; PEOPLE'S BANKS; *and* VILLAGE BANKS.

Bibliography of Books on Social and Economic Subjects. *See* WHAT TO READ.

Bibliography of Social Science. The Monthly Journal of the International Institute of Social Bibliography. 2*s.* net. Annual Subscription, 24*s.* post free.

This contains the titles of all books dealing with theoretical and practical economics, sociology, and social conditions, the theory and practice of finance, industrial and social statistics, colonial problems, movements of population, and social history; (2) All the more important articles upon these subjects which appear in periodicals; (3) The Parliamentary Reports of the chief civilised countries; (4) Official documents and publications not printed for ordinary circulation, such as the reports and journals of learned societies, commercial institutions, and trade unions, &c.

Up to the present no such bibliography for subjects on social science has been published in England, and it should prove useful to those engaged in political, administrative, or philanthropic work, as well as to all interested in social and economic problems.

[The Publishers will be pleased to send a specimen copy to any address on receipt of the amount of the postage, 2*d.*]

Bookkeeping. By George Radford, M.A. Reprinted from "Our Land." 3*d.* net. (Inland postage ½*d.*)

Boys and Girls, The Early Training of. An Appeal to Working Women. By Ellice Hopkins. This booklet is specially intended for Mothers' Unions. Crown 8vo. 3*d.* net; 2*s.* per dozen. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Brassworkers of Berlin and of Birmingham: A Comparison. Joint Report by R. H. Best, W. J. Davis, and C. Perks, of Birmingham. Fifth Edition. Demy 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*) (*See* GERMAN WORKMAN *and* HOW THE ENGLISH WORKMAN LIVES.)

Building Societies. By Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., late Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies. A popular treatise advocating the Development and Extension of Building Societies on right lines. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Building Societies. *See also* THRIFT.

Canada. Self-Government in Canada and how it was Achieved: the Story of Lord Durham's Report. By F. Bradshaw, M.A., D.Sc. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Canada and the Empire. An Examination of Trade Preferences. By Hon. E. S. Montagu, M.P., and Bron Herbert (Lord Lucas). With a Preface by the Earl of Rosebery, K.G. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Canals and Traders. The Argument Pictorial, as applied to the Report of the Royal Commission on Canals and Waterways. By Edwin A. Pratt, author of "British Canals: Is their Resuscitation Possible?" &c. Demy 8vo. 43 Illustrations and Maps. Paper, 1*s.* net. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Cape Colony for the Settler. An Account of its Urban and Rural Industries, their probable Future Development and Extension. By A. R. E. Burton, F.R.G.S. Issued by Order of the Government of the Cape Colony. Demy 8vo. Cloth, with Plates and Map, 2*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Case-Paper System. *See* POOR LAW.

Catalogue of Parliamentary Papers. *See* PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS.

Central (Unemployed) Body for London. *See* UNEMPLOYED.

Children's Care Committees. By Margaret Frere. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Children, Legislation in Regard to. Official Report of the Conference held on May 22 and 23, 1906, at the Guildhall, London, convened by the British Section of the International Congress for the Welfare and Protection of Children. Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Children. *See also* BOYS AND GIRLS; INFANT, PARENT, AND STATE; INFANTILE MORTALITY; PHYSICAL CONDITION; MEDICAL EXAMINATION OF SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS; *and* UNEMPLOYED.

China Imperial Maritime Customs. Reports on Trade, Medical Reports, and Reports on Special Subjects, such as Silk, Opium, Chinese Language, Music, &c. Issued by Authority of the Inspector-General of the China Imperial Maritime Customs. List sent, post free, on application.

China. *See also* OPIUM.

Colbert. *See* ECONOMIC POLICY OF COLBERT.

Coal, Foreign Trade in. By H. Stanley Jevons, M.A., B.Sc., F.S.S., Lecturer in Economics and Political Science. (In the Series of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire.) Royal 8vo. 1*s.* net.

Colonies. *See* AFRICA; AUSTRALIA; CANADA; *and* INDIA.

Columbia University, New York. Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science at Columbia University. List of these publications sent, post free, on application.

Commercial Gambling; Works by Charles William Smith:—

"ORIGINAL" THEORIES UPON DEPRESSION IN TRADE, AGRICULTURE, AND SILVER. Price 1*s.* (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

COMMERCIAL GAMBLING: the Principal Cause of Depression in Agriculture and Trade. Price 2*s.* (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

THE PRESS ON COMMERCIAL GAMBLING. Price 6*d.* (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

CHARLES W. SMITH'S "REPLY" to the Final Report of the British Royal Commission on Agriculture on the Question of "International Gambling in 'Fictitious' Produce and Silver, under the Option and Future Settlement Systems." Price 2*s.* (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

PRICE-FAMINES—THE RESULT OF "CORNERS." The Crime of the Century. Price 1*s.* (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

THE TRANSLATED EDITION OF "THE RUIN OF THE WORLD'S AGRICULTURE AND TRADE"—"International Fictitious Dealings in Futures of Agricultural Produce and Silver, with their Effect on Prices." By Dr. G. Rühland, of Berlin. Prefaced by C. W. Smith. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION under the International Option and Future Systems, 1846 to 1904. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

THE ECONOMIC RUIN OF THE WORLD: International, Commercial, and Financial Gambling in Options and Futures (Marchés à Terme). Price 5*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

A MANIFESTO ON INTERNATIONAL, FINANCIAL, AND COMMERCIAL GAMBLING in Options and Futures (Marchés à Terme): The World's Greatest Perils. Price 6*d.* (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

A MANIFESTO ON INTERNATIONAL, FINANCIAL, AND COMMERCIAL GAMBLING in Options and Futures (Marchés à Terme) in conjunction with Free Trade and Protection. Price 1*s.* (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Commerce. *See* BANK OF ENGLAND; IRELAND; LONDON; LONDON MONEY MARKET; *and* RAILWAYS.

Commons, House of, and Taxation. By Archer Wilde. Demy 8vo. 6d. net. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Communal and Individual Responsibility as Regards Health Conditions. By Mark H. Judge. Reprinted from the *Westminster Review*. Demy 8vo. 6*d*. net. (Inland Postage ½*d*.)

Communal Currency, An Example of. The Facts about the Guernsey Market House. Compiled from original documents. By J. Theodore Harris, B.A. With an Introduction by Sidney Webb, LL.B. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Crown 8vo. Paper, 1*s*. net. Cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*. net. (Inland Postage 1½*d*.)

Consols, British, and French Rentes. By C. A. Stanuell. Demy 8vo. 6*d*. net. (Inland Postage 1*d*.)

Co-operation. International Co-operative Bibliography. Compiled and Edited by the Executive Committee of the International Co-operative Alliance. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 7*s*. 6*d*. net. (Inland Postage 4*d*.)

Co-operation. International Co-operative Congress. Report of the Proceedings of the Seventh Congress of the International Co-operative Alliance held at Cremona on September 22–25, 1907. Demy 8vo. 3*s*. net. (Inland Postage 3*d*.)

Co-operation at Home and Abroad. An Account of the Co-operative Movement in Great Britain and other Countries. By C. R. Fay, B.A., D.Sc. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 10*s*. 6*d*. net. (Inland Postage 5*d*.)

Co-operation. *See also* AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATION; PEOPLE'S BANKS; *and* SMALL HOLDERS.

Co-operative Banking: Its Principles and Practice. With a Chapter on Co-operative Mortgage-Credit. By H. W. Wolff. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 7*s*. 6*d*. net. (Inland Postage 5*d*.)

Co-operative Credit Banks: A help for the Labouring and Cultivating Classes. By H. W. Wolff. Crown 8vo. 6*d*. (Inland Postage 1*d*.)

Co-operative Credit Handbook. By H. W. Wolff. Crown 8vo. 1*s*. net. (Inland Postage 2*d*.)

Co-operative Farming. By W. Bulstrode. A Review of the Causes which have led to the Exodus of the Villagers to the Towns, and a Suggestion for a New Scheme on Commercial Principles. Crown 8vo. 3*d.* net. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

County Councils. What County Councils can do for the People. By W. Thompson. Demy 8vo, paper, 6*d.* net; cloth, 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Course of Average Prices of General Commodities, 1820–1907. Compiled by Augustus Sauerbeck, F.S.S. Royal 4to. With folding Diagram. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Danish Poor Relief System. *See* POOR LAW.

Democracy. *See* GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY; LIBERALISM; *and* SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

Diphtheria. Report of the Bacteriological Diagnosis, and the Anti-Toxin Serum Treatment of cases admitted to the Hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board during the years 1895–6. By G. Sims Woodhead, M.D. Foolscap. 7*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 6*d.*)

Drink. Case for Municipal Drink Trade. By Edward R. Pease. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* net; paper, 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Drink. Temperance Reform in the United States. Compiled by A. W. Richardson. With coloured Map. 2*d.* (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Drink. *See also* NIGERIA.

Economic Policy of Colbert. By A. J. Sargent, M.A. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Education. A Short History of National Education in the United Kingdom. By T. Lloyd Humberstone, B.Sc. Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 3*d.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

*

Education. *See also* BOYS AND GIRLS; CHILDREN'S CARE COMMITTEES; MEDICAL EXAMINATION OF SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS; *and* PHYSICAL CONDITION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Egypt. The Administration of Justice in Egypt. By H. R. Fox Bourne. Edited, with a Preface, by John M. Robertson, M.P. Demy 8vo, 72 pp. 6*d.* (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Elections. Practical Notes on the Management of Elections. By Ellis T. Powell, LL.B. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Royal 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Factory Legislation, History of. By B. L. Hutchins and A. Harrison, D.Sc. With a Preface by Sidney Webb, LL.B. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Second edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 6*s.* net. (Inland Postage, 4*d.*)

Farming. *See* AGRICULTURE; AGRICULTURAL LABOURER; *and* CO-OPERATIVE FARMING.

Feeble-minded. The Problem of the Feeble-minded. An Abstract of the Report of the Royal Commission on the Care and Control of the Feeble-minded. With an Introduction by Sir Edward Fry, G.C.B., and Contributions by Sir Francis Galton, F.R.S., Rev. W. R. Inge, M.A., Professor A. C. Pigou, and Miss Mary Dendy. Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage, 2*d.*)

Finance. *See also* BANKING; CONSOLS; LONDON; MONEY; *and* PUBLIC FINANCE.

Fiscal Fallacies. By Congreve Jackson. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3*d.* net. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Free Trade. Elements of the Fiscal Problem. By L. G. Chiozza-Money. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Free Trade. *See also* BRASSWORKERS; CANADA AND THE EMPIRE; COMMERCIAL GAMBLING; PROTECTION; *and* TARIFFS.

German Social Democracy. Six Lectures delivered at the London School of Economics. By the Hon. Bertrand Russell, B.A. With an Appendix on Social Democracy and Woman's Question in Germany, by Alys Russell, B.A. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

German Universities. A Review of Professor Paulsen's Work on the German University System. By Mabel Bode, Ph.D. With a Preface and Appendix. Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

German Workman, The: A Study in National Efficiency. By William Harbutt Dawson. A Survey of German Social Legislation and Social Reform Institutions, as they affect the Working-classes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 6*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*) *See* BRASSWORKERS *and* WORKMEN.

Health. *See* COMMUNAL; HOUSING; INFANT, PARENT, AND STATE; INFANTILE MORTALITY; MEDICAL EXAMINATION OF SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS; *and* SANITARY.

History. Select Documents Illustrating Mediæval and Modern History. A Text Book for use in Colleges and by all Students of History. By Emil Reich. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 21*s.* net. (Inland Postage 6*d.*)

History. *See also* AGRICULTURAL LABOURER; BANK OF ENGLAND; COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY; EDUCATION; FACTORY LEGISLATION; IRELAND; LONDON MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT; LORDS; PALEOGRAPHY; PHILANTHROPY; POOR LAW; *and* RATES.

Handbook to the Housing and Town Planning Act, 1909. By W. Thompson, author of "The Housing Handbook," "Housing Up-to-Date," and "What County Councils can do for the People." Demy 8vo, Paper covers, 1*s.* net. Cloth, 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Housing and Town-Planning Act, 1909, The, as it Affects Rural Districts. By Annette Churton. Royal 8vo. 2*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Housing Handbook, Up-to-Date. A Practical Manual for the use of Officers, Members, and Committees of Local Authorities, and Social or Fiscal Reformers. By Alderman W. Thompson. Second edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Illustrated, 7*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 6*d.*)

Housing. Public Health and Housing. The Influence of the Dwelling upon Health in Relation to the Changing Style of Habitation. Being the Milroy Lectures delivered before the Royal College of Physicians. Revised and Enlarged. By J. F. J. Sykes, M.D., B.Sc. Crown 8vo. Cloth, Diagrams, 5*s.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

India Office and Government of India. List of the more important of these Publications sent post free, on application.

Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration. By Douglas Knoop, M.A. With a Preface by Professor S. J. Chapman. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Industrial Conditions. *See* BRASSWORKERS; THE GERMAN WORKMAN; *and* WORKMEN.

Infantile Mortality. Report of the Proceedings of National Conference on Infantile Mortality, held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on the 13th and 14th June, 1906. Demy 8vo. Limp cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Infantile Mortality. Report of the Proceedings of the Second National Conference on Infantile Mortality, held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th March, 1908. Demy 8vo. Limp cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Infantile Mortality and Infants Milk Depôts. By G. F. McCleary, M.D., D.P.H. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 6*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Infant Mortality: Statistical Analysis of, and its Causes in the United Kingdom. By Helen M. Blagg. Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Infant, Parent, and State. A Social Study and Review. By H. Llewellyn Heath, D P.H. With a Preface by Professor G. Sims Woodhead, M.D. Crown 8vo. Cloth, illustrated, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Insurance Against Unemployment. By D. F. Schloss. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Ireland. History of the Commercial and Financial Relations between England and Ireland. By Alice Effie Murray, D.Sc. Preface by W. A. S. Hewins, M.A. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Demy 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Ireland. Paraguay on Shannon: The Price of a Political Priesthood. By F. Hugh O'Donnell, M.A. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Ireland. *See also* PRICE OF HOME RULE; *and* POLITICAL PRIESTS AND IRISH RUIN.

Land, Distribution of. By the Hon. Rollo Russell. Demy 8vo. 3*d.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Land Values. Rating of Land Values. Notes on the Proposal to levy Rates in respect of Site Values. By Arthur Wilson Fox, C.B. Second edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Law of Prize on Land and Sea. By Dr. Hans Wehberg, of the University of Bonn. Translated from the German into English. With a Preface by John M. Robertson, M.P. [*In the Press.*

Liberalism. The Crisis of Liberalism. New Issues of Democracy. By J. A. Hobson. Demy 8vo. Cloth. 300 pp. 6*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Licensing. *See* DRINK.

Light Railways Procedure: Reports and Precedents. Vol. I. By J. Stewart Oxley, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 480 pages. 21*s.* net. (Inland Postage 6*d.*)

Light Railways Procedure: Reports and Precedents. Vol. II. By J. Stewart Oxley, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, assisted by S. W. P. Beale, B.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Demy 8vo, cloth, 376 pages. 21*s.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Liquor Traffic. *See* DRINK; *and* NIGERIA.

Local Government. *See* COMMUNAL CURRENCY; HOUSING; LONDON MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT; NATIONAL AND LOCAL FINANCE; POOR LAW; TAXATION; *and* TOWN PLANNING.

Local Taxation in London. *See* LONDON.

London Building Act, Tribunal of Appeal under the. A Manual for Appellants. By Charles H. Love. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

London County Council. Messrs. P. S. King & Son are the publishers appointed for the sale of the reports and publications of the London County Council. Special catalogue, arranged under subjects, post free on application.

London Municipal Government. The History of a Great Reform, 1880–1888. By John Lloyd, Hon. Secretary and Secretary of the Municipal Reform League. Large quarto, 72 pp., 21 illustrations, handsomely bound in half blue calf. Special edition limited to 200 copies. Price £1 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

London. Local Taxation in London. By M. E. Lange. With a Preface by Lord Welby. Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1½*d.*)

London: Mechanism of the City. An Analytical Survey of the Business Activities of the City of London. By Ellis T. Powell, LL.B. (Lond.), B.Sc., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. [*In the Press.*

London Pride and London Shame. By L. Cope Cornford. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 6*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Lords, House of, and Taxation. By Ernest E. Williams. Demy 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Lords, The. Their History and Powers, with Special Reference to Money Bills and the Veto. By Adrian Wontner, of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Lords. *See also* SUPREME SENATE.

Machine Drawing. A Text-book for Students preparing for Science Examinations in Technical and Evening Schools. By Alfred P. Hill. Demy 4to. Limp cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Medical Examination of Schools and Scholars. A Manual for School Doctors and Educationalists. A Symposium of Experts. Edited by T. N. Kelynack, M.D. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 6*d.*)

Money. A Corner in Gold and our Money Laws. An Argument against the Main Defects of our Money System. With a reprint of the speeches of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., in the House of Commons, 1844, on the Renewal of the Bank Charter and the State of the Law affecting Currency and Banking. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Money. The Rise of the London Money Market, 1640–1826. By W. Roosegaarde Bisschop, LL.D. With an Introduction by Prof. H. S. Foxwell, M.A. Crown 8vo. 5*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Mothers' Unions. *See* BOYS AND GIRLS.

Motor Traction. The Locomotion Problem. By Charles Bright, F.R.S.E., M.I.E.E. Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1½*d.*)

Municipal Manual. A Description of the Constitution and Functions of Urban Local Authorities. By A. E. Lauder. Crown 8vo, 3*s*. 6*d*. net. (Inland Postage 4*d*.)

Municipal. *See also* DRINK; HOUSING; RATES; TAXATION; *and* TOWN PLANNING.

National and Local Finance. A Review of the Relations between the Central and Local Authorities in England, France, Belgium, and Prussia during the Nineteenth Century. By J. Watson Grice, B.Sc. With a preface by Sidney Webb, LL.B. (In the Series of the London School of Economics). Demy 8vo. Cloth, 10*s*. 6*d*. net. (Inland Postage 5*d*.)

Nationalisation of Railways. *See* RAILWAYS.

Newæra. A Socialist Romance, with a Chapter on Vaccination. By EDWARD G. HERBERT, B.Sc. Demy 8vo. 6*s*. net. (Inland Postage 4*d*.)

Nigeria, Liquor Traffic in Southern. As set forth in the Report of the Government Committee of Inquiry, 1909. An Examination and a Reply. Published for the Native Races and the Liquor Traffic United Committee. Royal 8vo, 3*d*. net. (Inland Postage 1½*d*.)

Opium: International Opium Commission, Shanghai, February, 1909. Complete Official Report of Proceedings and Reports of Delegations. In 2 Vols. Volume I.—Report and Minutes of Proceedings. Volume II.—Reports of Delegations. F'cap. folio. About 500 pp. As containing the Findings of the Commission and the complete Reports of all the Delegations, these Volumes will be indispensable to all students of the subject. Price 10*s*. net. (Inland Postage 6*d*.)

Paleography. Pipe Roll of the Bishopric of Winchester. From the Fourth Year of the Episcopate of Peter des Roches, A.D. 1207–1208. By the Class in Paleography at the London School of Economics, under the supervision of Hubert Hall, F.S.A. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) F'cap folio, 15*s*. net. (Inland Postage 5*d*.)

Parliamentary Papers, 1801–1900, Catalogue of. A General Catalogue of the principal Reports and Papers published during the nineteenth century—also a few of earlier date—with prices, and in most cases analyses of contents. Printed with wide margins for convenience of librarians and others wishing to make notes, shelf, or reference numbers, &c. Medium 4to. Full buckram, 7*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 6*d.*)

Parliamentary Papers, Monthly Catalogue of. Post free on application.

Peace. *See* WAR.

People's Banks: A Record of Social and Economic Success. By H. W. Wolff, author of "Co-operative Banking," "Agricultural Banks," &c. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 600 pages. 6*s.* net. (Inland Postage 6*d.*)

Philanthropy. History of English Philanthropy, from the Dissolution of the Monasteries to the taking of the First Census. By B. Kirkman Gray. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Philanthropy. Philanthropy and the State, or Social Politics. By B. Kirkman Gray. Edited by Eleanor Kirkman Gray and B. L. Hutchins. A companion volume to "History of English Philanthropy," by the same author. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Physical Condition of School Children. Report on the Physical Condition of 1,400 School Children in the City of Edinburgh, together with some Account of their Homes and Surroundings. Prepared by a Committee of Edinburgh Citizens, and published for the Edinburgh Charity Organisation Society. Royal 4to, 5*s.* net. (Inland Postage, 5*d.*)

Political Priests and Irish Ruin. By F. H. O'Donnell, M.A., author of "A History of the Irish Parliamentary Party." A Second Edition, revised and brought up to date, of the author's previous work "Paraguay on Shannon." Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*).

Political Socialism: A Remonstrance. A Collection of Papers by Members of the British Constitution Association, with Presidential Addresses by Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Hugh Cecil. Edited by Mark H. Judge. Crown 8vo. Paper boards, 1*s.* net; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Poor Law. Administrative Reform and the Local Government Board. By J. Theodore Dodd, M.A. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Poor Law. The English Poor Laws: their History, Principles, and Administration. Three Lectures delivered at the Women's University Settlement, Southwark. By Sophia Lonsdale. Third and revised edition. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Poor Law. The Danish Poor Relief System: an Example for England. By Edith Sellers. An account of the Poor Relief System as practised in Denmark, which is generally considered to be a model of its kind. Crown 8vo. Limp cloth, 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Poor Law. Glimpses into the Abyss. By Mary Higgs. An account of the personal explorations undertaken by Mrs. Higgs, who, disguised as a tramp, has spent days and nights in tramp-wards, lodging-houses, and shelters. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Poor Law. History of the English Poor Law, 924–1853. In connection with the legislation and other circumstances affecting the condition of the people. By Sir George Nicholls, K.C.B. Revised edition, with a Biography and Portrait of the Author. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 7*d.*)

Poor Law. History of the English Poor Law, 1834–1898, By Thomas Mackay. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 6*d.*)

Poor Law. The History Sheet or Case-Paper System. A collection of Papers read at various Poor Law Conferences, with the Discussions thereon and Specimen Forms in use in various Unions. With an Introduction by Sir William Chance, Bart. Crown 8vo. Cloth back, 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Poor Law. Memorandum on the Reports of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws. By Sir Arthur Downes. Demy 8vo. 2*d.* net. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Poor Law. Memorandum on the Reports of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws. By Miss Octavia Hill. 1*d.* 7*s.* 6*d.* per 100 copies. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Poor Law. Our Treatment of the Poor. By Sir William Chance, Bart., M.A. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Poor Law: The Poor and Their Rights. How to Obtain them Under Existing Legislation. By J. Theodore Dodd, M.A., Guardian and Councillor for the City of Oxford. Demy 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Poor Law: Poor Law Reform, *viâ* Tertia. The Case for the Guardians. By Sir William Chance, Bart., M.A. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* net. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Poor Law. The Starting Point of Poor Law Reform. The Principles in Common, and at issue, in the Reports of the Poor Law Commission. By John H. Muirhead, M.A., LL.D. With an Introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge, LL.D., F.R.S. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth back, 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Poor Law. *See also* VAGRANCY.

Poor Law Conferences. Official Reports of the Proceedings of the Central and District Poor Law Conferences, containing the Papers read and the full Discussions thereon. Report of any single Conference, 1*s.*; all Conferences, each sent as soon as published, 10*s.* 6*d.* per annum; Bound Volume, with index, 12*s.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Poor Law Orders. Arranged and Annotated by H. Jenner-Fust, M.A. Second edition. Royal 8vo. 42*s.* net. (Inland Postage 6*d.*)

Poverty, Causes of. By Callaghan McCarthy, B.A. A graphic description of the parts and appearances of this planet—of its surface, its instruments of production, the items of property, its vegetable and animal life, its human communities, &c. The author brings all these vividly before the reader's mind, and explains the defects that give rise to human poverty. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2½*d.*)

Practical Notes on the Management of Elections. By Ellis T. Powell, LL.B. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Demy 8vo. Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1½*d.*)

Price of Home Rule, The. By L. Cope Cornford. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 1*s.* net. Paper, 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Prices. Course of Average Prices of General Commodities, 1820–1907. Compiled by Augustus Sauerbeck, F.S.S. Royal 4to. With folding Diagram. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Production and Distribution. A History of the Theories of Production and Distribution in English Political Economy from 1776–1848. By Edwin Cannan, M.A., LL.D. Second edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Progress: Civil, Social, and Industrial. The Quarterly Magazine of the British Institute of Social Service. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Contains the Official Record of the National League for Physical Education and Improvement, and information regarding Foreign Social Activities, by Dr. Rodolphe Broda. A full list of all Publications on Social Topics, including Articles in Periodicals during the preceding quarter, forms an invaluable feature of each issue.

The Publishers will be pleased to send a specimen copy to any address on receipt of the amount of the postage.

Protection in Canada and Australasia. By C. H. Chomley, B.A., LL.B. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Protection in France. By H. O. Meredith, M.A. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Protection in Germany. A History of German Fiscal Policy during the Nineteenth Century. By William Harbutt Dawson. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Protection in the United States. A study of the origin and growth of the American Tariff System and its social and economic influences. By. A. Maurice Low. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Protection. *See also* CANADA AND THE EMPIRE; COMMERCIAL GAMBLING; FISCAL FALLACIES; FREE TRADE; SEVEN YEARS OF THE SUGAR CONVENTION; TARIFFS; *and* TARIFF REFORM.

Public Finance. The King's Revenue. An account of the Revenue and Taxes raised in the United Kingdom, with a short history of each Tax and Branch of the Revenue. By W. M. J. Williams. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 6*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Railways: The Railway Clerk's Assistant. By Geo. B. Lissenden. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Railway Trader's Guide, The. The Railway Trader's Guide to Forwarding, Receiving, Railway Charges, and all other Matters incidental to Transactions with the Railway Companies. By Geo. B. Lissenden. Royal 8vo. Cloth. 250 pp., including 48 pp. of Ready Reckoner, in addition to other tables and specimen forms. 7*s.* 6*d* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Railways. Monthly Bulletin of the International Railway Congress (English edition). Illustrated. Single numbers vary in price from 2*s.* to 6*s.* each. Subscription for 12 months, Jan.–Dec. only 24*s.*

Railways. Railways and Nationalisation. By Edwin A. Pratt. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Railways. The Safety of British Railways; or Railway Accidents, how caused, and how prevented. By H. Raynar Wilson. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Railways. *See also* LIGHT RAILWAYS.

Rates. History of Local Rates in England. By Edwin Cannan, M.A. A summary of the Development of one element of taxation. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Rates. Being the Revenue and Expenditure of Boroughs and Urban District Councils of 10,000 or more inhabitants (England and Wales) analysed and compared. By C. Ashmore Baker, A.M.I.E.E. F'cap. folio. Paper boards. 2*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Rates. *See also* LONDON; MUNICIPAL; NATIONAL AND LOCAL FINANCE; *and* TAXATION AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Rating and Assessment in London. Quinquennial Valuation, 1910. A Guide for Officials and Ratepayers. With information as to the Principles upon which the Valuation is made, and as to how the Valuation is tested and in a Proper case reduced or otherwise adjusted. By Edwin Austin, of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2s. net. Paper, 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Rating of Land Values. *See* LAND VALUES.

Referendum. *See* LIBERALISM; *and* SWITZERLAND.

Sanitary Inspector's Guide. A Practical Treatise on the Public Health Act, 1875, and the Public Health Acts Amendment Act, 1890, so far as they affect the Inspector of Nuisances. By H. Lemmoin-Cannon. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Schools, Medical Examination of. *See* MEDICAL.

Second Chamber. *See* LIBERALISM; LORDS; *and* SUPREME SENATE.

Seven Years of the Sugar Convention: 1903–1910. A Vindication of Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial and Commercial Policy. By Ralph T. Hinckes, M.A. Crown 8vo. 3*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Sewage Works Analyses. An account of the methods of analysis in use in the laboratory of the Manchester Corporation sewage works. By Gilbert J. Fowler, F.I.C. Crown 8vo. Cloth, illustrated, 6s. net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Site Values. *See* LAND VALUES.

Small Holders: What they must do to succeed. With a chapter on the revival of country life. By Edwin A. Pratt. Crown 8vo. Cloth back, 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Small Holdings. The Small Holdings Controversy. Ownership *v.* Tenancy. By Mrs. Roland Wilkins (L. Jebb). With a Prefatory Letter by Lord Carrington. Demy 8vo. 2*d.* net. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Small Holdings in England. By Frederick Impey. Demy 8vo. 3*d.* net. (Inland Postage, 1*d.*)

Social Democracy, New. A Study for the Times. By J. H. Harley, M.A., late Scholar of Mansfield College, Oxford; Vice-President of the National Union of Journalists. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 6*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Social Democracy. *See also* GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY; *and* LIBERALISM.

Socialism: Newæra: A Socialist Romance, with a Chapter on Vaccination. By Edward G. Herbert, B.Sc. Demy 8vo. 6*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Socialism. *See also* GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY; LIBERALISM; SOCIAL DEMOCRACY; *and* POLITICAL SOCIALISM.

Spencer. Herbert Spencer Refutes recent Misrepresentations. Professor Bourne's defamatory attacks met by excerpts culled from the Philosopher's works. By Alfred W. Tillett. Crown 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

State Railways. *See* RAILWAYS.

Statistics, An Elementary Manual of. By Arthur L. Bowley, M.A., F.S.S., Reader in Statistics in the University of London. Author of "Elements of Statistics," &c. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 5*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Statistics, Elements of. A Text Book for the use of students, actuaries, bankers, &c. By A. L. Bowley, M.A. Third and revised edition. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Demy 8vo. Cloth. Numerous Diagrams. 10*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Supreme Senate and a Strong Empire, A. By R. V. Wynne. F'cap. 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Switzerland, Referendum in. By M. Simon Deploige. With a letter on the Referendum in Belgium by M. J. van den Heuvel. Translated by C. P. Trevelyan, M.P., and edited with notes, introduction, bibliography and appendices by Lilian Tomn. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Crown 8vo. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Tariff Reform. The Manufacturer and the State. An Address by H. Hirst, M.I.E.E. Demy 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Tariff Reform. Fiscal Fallacies: A Comparison with Germany. By Congreve Jackson. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Tariff Reform, The Real Case for. Employment and Wages — How Free Trade "Blacklegs" Home Labour—Facts for Workmen by a Workman (T. Good). With a Preface by the Rt. Hon. J. Austen Chamberlain, M.P. Demy 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Tariffs. Statistical Studies Relating to National Progress in Wealth and Trade since 1882 : A plea for further inquiry. By Arthur L. Bowley, M.A. Crown 8vo. 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Tariffs. Tariff Commission Report. List of the volumes containing Report and Summary of Evidence, Evidence of Witnesses, Replies to Forms, Tables, and Diagrams Dealing with Iron, Steel, Textile, Agriculture, Engineering, Pottery, Glass, Sugar and Confectionery, post free on application.

Tariffs. The Tariff Problem. By Professor W. J. Ashley. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Tariffs. *See also* CANADA AND THE EMPIRE; COMMERCIAL GAMBLING; FREE TRADE; *and* PROTECTION.

Taxation. *See* COMMONS; FREE TRADE; LORDS; NATIONAL AND LOCAL FINANCE; PROTECTION; PUBLIC FINANCE; *and* TAXATION AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Taxation and Local Government. By J. C. Graham. Fourth Edition, revised and brought up-to-date. By M. D. Warmington. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Temperance. *See* DRINK.

Thrift, Approved Methods of. With a list of societies for its promotion. By Mrs. A. H. Johnson. Issued for the National Union of Women Workers of Great Britain and Ireland. Demy 8vo. 3*d.* net. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Thrift, Institutions for. By Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., F.S.A. A useful little book for members of working men's clubs, friendly societies, building societies, and other institutions of a similar nature. Crown 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Thrift Manual. A Manual on Thrift for the use of Teachers in Primary Schools. Demy 8vo. Limp cloth, 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2½*d.*)

Thrift. *See also* BUILDING SOCIETIES.

Town Planning Powers. The Practical Application of Town Planning Powers. Report of a National Town Planning Conference arranged by the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, held at the Guildhall, London, on December 10, 1909. Papers and Speeches by Thomas Adams, J. W. Willis Bund, K.C., W. R. Davidge, H. V. Lanchester, A. R. Stenning, H. Inigo Triggs, Raymond Unwin, Paul Waterhouse, and Professors S. D. Adshead, Patrick Geddes, and Beresford Pite. Edited by Ewart G. Culpin. Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2½*d.*)

Town Planning. *See also* HOUSING.

Trade Unions. Select Documents Illustrating the History of Trade Unionism. [1. The Tailoring Trade.] By F. W. Galton. With a Preface by Sidney Webb, LL.B. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 5*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4d.)

Tramps. *See* POOR LAW; UNEMPLOYED; VAGRANCY; *and* WHERE SHALL SHE LIVE?

Transport Facilities in the Mining and Industrial Districts of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Their future History and Development. By Clarence S. Howells, M.A. No. 2 of the Series of Publications of the Department of Economics and Political Science of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Edited by H. Stanley Jevons, M.A., B.Sc. 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1½*d.*)

Unemployed: Central Body for London. Preliminary Report on the work of the Central (Unemployed) Body for London to May 12, 1906. Foolscap 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Second Report from May 12, 1906, to June 30, 1907. Foolscap. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Third Report of the Central Body, from July 1, 1907, to June 30, 1909. F'cap. 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 5*d.*)

Unemployed. Insurance Against Unemployment. By David F. Schloss. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Unemployed. The Labour Exchange in Relation to Boy and Girl Labour. By Frederick Keeling. Demy 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1½*d.*)

Unemployed. Report of a Temporary Colony at Garden City for Unemployed Workmen mainly from West Ham during February, March and April, 1905. Carried out by the Trinity College (Oxford) Settlement, Stratford, London. Demy 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Unemployed. The Unemployables. By Edmond Kelly, M.A. With a Preface by Sir William Chance, Bart., M.A. Contains a full account of the Swiss Labour Colonies in the Canton of Berne. Crown 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

Unemployed. The Unemployed: a National Question. By Percy Alden, M.A. With a Preface by Sir John Gorst, M.A. Second edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Unemployment and the Unemployed. A Bibliography. Prepared by F. Isabel Taylor, B.Sc., Formerly Senior Student-Assistant in the Library of the London School of Economics. With a Preface by Sidney Webb, LL.B. (In the Series of the London School of Economics.) Demy 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* net. Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 2*d.*)

Unemployment. The Sun's Heat and Trade Activity as a Cause of Unemployment. By H. Stanley Jevons, M.A., B.Sc., F.S.S. Royal 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* net. Paper, 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage, 2*d.*)

Vaccination and Vivisection. Politics and Disease. By A. Goff and J. H. Levy. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Vagrancy. A Review of the Report of the Departmental Committee on Vagrancy, 1906. With answers to certain criticisms. By Sir William Chance, Bart., M.A. Crown 8vo. 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage, 1*d.*)

Vagrancy. A Vicar as Vagrant. By Rev. G. Z. Edwards. With a Preface by the Rector of Birmingham. Demy 8vo. *2d.* (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Vagrancy Problem, The. The Case for Measures of Restraint for Vagrants, Loafers, and Unemployables; with a Study of Continental Detention Colonies and Labour Houses. By William Harbutt Dawson, author of "The German Workman." Crown 8vo. 5*s.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Village Banks. How to Start them; How to Work them; What the Rich may do to Help them, &c. By H. W. Wolff. Crown 8vo. 6*d.* (Inland Postage ½*d.*)

Vagrancy. *See also* POOR LAW; UNEMPLOYED; *and* WHERE SHALL SHE LIVE?

War. The Extinction in Perpetuity of Armaments and War. By A. W. Alderson. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

War. *See also* LAW OF PRIZE.

What County Councils can do for the People. By W. Thompson. Demy 8vo; paper, 6*d.*; cloth, 1*s.* (Inland Postage 1*d.*)

What to Read on Social and Economic Subjects. An Interleaved Bibliography. Fifth Edition. Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Where Shall She Live? The Homelessness of the Woman Worker. Written for the National Association for Women's Lodging Homes. By Mary Higgs and Edward E. Hayward, M.A. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* net. Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 3*d.*)

Women. Educated Working Women. The Economic Position of Women Workers in the Middle Classes. By Clara E. Collet, M.A. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* net; paper, 2*s.* net. (Inland Postage, 3*d.*)

Women. Women as Barmaids. Published for the Joint Committee on the Employment of Barmaids. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Southwark. Demy 8vo. 1*s.* net. (Inland Postage 1½*d.*)

Women. Women in the Printing Trades: A Sociological Study. Edited by J. R. Macdonald, M.P. With a Preface by Professor F. Y. Edgeworth. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Diagrams. 10*s.* 6*d.* net. (Inland Postage 4*d.*)

Workmen. How the English Workman Lives: Being the Experiences of a German Coal-miner in England. Translated by C. H. d'E. Leppington. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* net. (*See* BRASSWORKERS; *and* GERMAN WORKMAN.)

Messrs. P. S. KING & SON

make a speciality of Publications dealing with

ECONOMICS
SOCIAL QUESTIONS
POLITICS
LOCAL GOVERNMENT

and will at any time be pleased to consider, with a view to publication, any MSS. treating of these subjects which may be submitted to them.

* * *

MESSRS. KING & SON also make a prominent feature of Parliamentary Papers, and are often able to supply scarce and out-of-print Government Publications which are unobtainable elsewhere. Complete sets and various periods of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates are kept in stock.

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Santa Barbara

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.

NOTIS NOV 24 1995

RET'D NOV 27 1995 31

Series 9482

3 1205 01697 2844

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 263 724 7